The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXVII NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1933 No. 3569

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 607
EDITORIALS:
The Vagrant Dollar 609
The New Leisure 610
The War-Debt Failure 611
Hazards of Childbirth 612
CARTOON. "BE NICE TO HIM, DEAR." By William Steig . . 613
ISSUES AND MEN. THE NAZI CHILD-MIND. By Oswald Garrison Villard 614
NAZI POLITICS IN AMERICA. By Ludwig Lore 615
REBELLION IN PUERTO RICO. By Hubert Herring 618
MURDER AND THE KHAKI SHIRTS. By John Nicholas Beffel 620
THE END OF BOSS VARE. By Alexander Kendrick 621
THE DOCTOR AND THE DEPRESSION. By Louis C. Johnson . 622
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE 624
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 624
CORRESPONDENCE 625
BOOKS, FILMS, MUSIC:
You Eyes. By Mark Van Doren 626
Today. By Florence Codman 626
History Is Not All Biography. By William MacDonald . . . 626
A Great Pioneer. By Eda Lou Walton 627
Adorned with History. By Richard McKeon 628
Creative Anthologist. By Carl Van Doren 628
The Undeclared War in the East. By Mauritz A. Hallgren . . 629
The Lesser Heine. By Horace Gregory 629
Shorter Notices 630
Films: "Little Women." By William Troy 630
The Dance: Yesterday and Today. By Alan Bloch 632
Music: Schönberg. By Kenneth Burke 633

BOARD OF EDITORS

ERNEST GRUENING FREDA KIRCHWEY
JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH
ASSOCIATE EDITORS
MAURITZ A. HALLGREN MARGARET MARSHALL
DOROTHY VAN DOREN

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD
CONTRIBUTING EDITOR

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States; to Canada, $5.50; and to other foreign countries, $6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. Muriel C. Gray, Advertising Manager. British Agent, Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

THE IMPORTANCE of Mr. Roosevelt's recognition of the U. S. S. R. cannot be exaggerated. Its possible effects reach into every corner of public life. Long after the Administration's gold policy has merged into inflation, long after the NRA has itself been somehow absorbed into the permanent processes of industry, the resumption of normal relations between Russia and the United States will, we believe, stand out as a major accomplishment of the New Deal. It means far more than new opportunities for trade, although these are undoubtedly uppermost in the minds of many Americans who have welcomed the agreement. It means more even than the return of common sense after the long reign of fantasy and fear. It means the creation of a new force for peace in an international situation bristling with imminent conflicts. In the Far East a united policy by the Soviet Union and the United States may affect the whole course of Japanese imperialism in the next few years. Neither Russia nor the United States wants war; indeed, Russia has pursued a policy of peace even in the face of extreme provocation. But both countries have every reason to oppose the aggressive aims and tactics of the Japanese militarists. The appointment as Soviet Russia's first Ambassador to Washington of Alexander Troyanovsky, lately Soviet envoy to Japan, suggests that the Foreign Office at Moscow is keenly aware of the primary importance of the Far Eastern problem. Even in Europe where the community of interest is less obvious, it is likely that Russian and American influence will weigh on the side of peace and disarmament. Russia has proposed at conference after conference drastic measures for universal and complete disarmament. Probably no American delegation will go as far; but the rapprochement of Russia and America should bring a relatively disinterested point of view. It is useless, and discouraging as well, to reflect how different the course of post-war events might have been if for the past decade and a half a friendly relationship had existed between the Soviet government and our own. Instead, we welcome with relief the end of the long suspense, and congratulate Mr. Roosevelt upon his realism and courage and good sense.

WHAT WILL HAPPEN to the 3,000 German pastors who, in defiance of the Nazi regime, dared to get up in their pulpits on November 19 and read a manifesto dissenting from Nazi regulations for the Lutheran church remains to be seen. The manifesto protested against the attempt of the present German government to establish a "German-Christian" church which would in effect substitute for Christianity the ancient Germanic worship of Wodin. It called for the removal of Nazi religious leaders who desired to "purify" the Christian religion by eliminating the Old Testament from the Bible and to exalt the German race above all others. In answer to the protest the Catholic newspaper *Germania,* published in Berlin, announced itself heartily in agreement with the action of the dissenting German ministers, and declared that Catholics must join Protestants in fighting this "anti-religious new heathenism." Not a word of this courageous act of protest was permitted to appear in the German newspapers. But the congregations that heard the manifesto read will doubtless spread the news, even if they do it in a whisper. They will know, if "something happens" to their pastor in the near future, just why it happened. And they have the historical precedent of Martin Luther, whose 450th anniversary is now being celebrated in Germany, to remind them that the consequences of one pebble of revolt can spread until the most distant edges of the world's pond are washed by the disturbed water.

DO THE NAZIS still believe that opposition abroad to their anti-Jewish policy is fomented by, or limited to, Jews and "Marxian" elements? If so, the action of the Amateur Athletic Union, the most powerful sports organization in the United States, should prove enlightening. The A. A. U. has instructed its delegates at the forthcoming meeting of the American Olympic Association to press a resolution giving notice to the International Olympic Association that no athletes from the United States will be certified for competition in the Olympic games to be held in Berlin in 1936 "until and unless the position of the German Olympic Committee, of the organizing committee of Berlin, and of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

German government is so changed in fact as well as in theory as to both permit and encourage German athletes of Jewish faith or heritage to train, prepare for, and participate in the Olympic games in 1936." This action follows an interesting series of episodes. First, in May of this year, came protests from various athletes of other countries, and from Avery Brundage, president of the A. A. U., against the exclusion of Jewish athletes by the German committee. Next came the decision of the International Olympic Committee to sanction the holding of the games in Berlin, after the spokesman of the German government had accepted "the letter and the spirit" of a resolution stating that no Jew should be excluded from the German team because of his faith or race. This apparent surrender was in fact a clear tactical victory for the Nazis, since it was—and is—the announced and settled policy of the German government to exclude Jews from all sport organizations, and therefore from all normal opportunities to practice and train for contests. That this situation is realized by leaders of American sports is evidenced by the resolution of the A. A. U., which points out that it is "common and universal knowledge" that Germans of Jewish descent or belief are deprived "of a reasonable opportunity to train, prepare for, and take part in sports competition in general, and in the Olympic games in particular."

GREAT BRITAIN has revised its current naval-construction program to provide for two 9,000-ton cruisers and one of 5,200 tons in place of the four smaller vessels originally contemplated. In announcing the change, Sir Bolton Meredith Eyres-Monsell, First Lord of the Admiralty, frankly contended that it was necessary to adapt the British program to meet the challenge of new cruiser construction in Japan and America. Thus it is revealed again that armaments breed armaments. Technically speaking, Great Britain does not need large cruisers. With its numerous naval bases and its many merchantmen, which are built so that they may readily be converted into raiding cruisers, Great Britain would find a fleet of small armored vessels much more effective for defensive purposes. But militarists rarely think in terms of national defense, however much they may protest that that is their sole consideration. Since Japan and America are building large cruisers, England must have them too. Naturally the tories and other patriots are applauding Sir Bolton's announcement. While the members of the Navy League are applauding, it might be well for them to reflect upon the recent municipal elections in England. In these elections the Labor Party won a sweeping victory. The Labor candidate also won the by-election for Parliament at East Fulham, a district that had long been regarded as safely Conservative.

NEW YORK CITY, like many other American municipalities, has reached a position in which it will be necessary to go into bankruptcy or to impose taxes more drastic than any so far planned. While heavier taxation—including perhaps the rent taxes common in Europe—would be desirable, we believe that a program sufficiently drastic to meet the situation is not politically feasible at this time. There is no escaping some economies. But Samuel Untermyer's plan to discharge 8,500 city employees—from 6 to 8 per cent of the total number—strikes us as cruel, fatuous, and unnecessary. The same objections are to be urged against it as against the wholesale reductions in the federal Civil Service last spring, in regard to which the government eventually modified its policy considerably. Undoubtedly the city government needs reorganization, and when one notes that the personnel has been increased by a fourth since 1926 it seems possible, as Mr. Untermyer says, that virtually every office is overstaffed. But what possible virtue can there be in turning men out of one city door and compelling them to line up at another for unemployment relief? There are only about 2,000 city employees outside the Civil Service. Possibly half of these might legitimately be discharged on the ground that they have other means of livelihood or have never made an honest attempt to work at their jobs. But the vast majority of the men and women whom Mr. Untermyer—enjoying himself a favored economic position—would so indifferently turn into the streets would be no more deserving of that fate, and no better able to cope with it, than those who remained.

THERE are some 300 men in city employ who are receiving salaries of about $5,000 a year or more, and half a hundred who are drawing about $10,000 a year or more. We suggest, in place of Mr. Untermyer's plan, first, that every salary above $5,000 a year be progressively reduced, with an absolute limit of $10,000 a year, even for the mayor. The city of Baltimore does not have a single employee who receives as much as $10,000 a year, and yet both the municipality and its employees manage to get along fairly well. Next, we would accept Mr. Untermyer's plan to the extent of getting rid of some 1,000 persons outside the Civil Service who, as we have already suggested, have other means of livelihood or have never honestly worked at their jobs. Furthermore, we would agree with Mr. Untermyer in abolishing or temporarily suspending certain city services of lesser importance which cost considerable not merely in salaries but in supplies and other forms of upkeep. Also we would move to revise the pension system. Nothing much can be done to change the status of persons already in that system, but flagrant abuses might be stopped for the future. Finally, we would abolish offices and individual positions which are superfluous, but instead of turning the holders of jobs into the streets, we would put employees on a staggered system of employment at reduced wages and shorter hours. Of course legislative action would be necessary to carry out the above program, but this is true also of the Untermyer plan.

TRY AS IT WILL to cure some of the economic ailments of the country by destruction of so-called surplus commodities, the Roosevelt Administration is finding it difficult to get nature to cooperate in this program. To date about 25 per cent of the cotton acreage of the country has been taken out of production, and for this the government has paid out bounties totaling $110,000,000. Yet the November crop reports indicate that the current cotton crop may be almost as large as any of the bumper yields of the last few years. The latest estimate points to 13,100,000 bales, as against an average annual production of 14,660,000 bales in the years from 1928 to 1932. Thus the current yield is less than 11 per cent below the average despite the 25 per cent reduction in planted acreage. That the margin may be even narrower is suggested by the fact that the government estimates have of late usually been well below the actual

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

yield as finally reported. The average yield for the last ten years has been 167.4 pounds per acre. In 1932 it was 173.3 pounds. This year the average yield per acre is running close to 209 pounds. It would seem that besides cutting down acreage the Agricultural Adjustment Administration will have to find some way of adjusting the forces of nature.

THE NATION has put its political spies to work tracking down Treasury Department officials—ex- and on-leave. The following preliminary report has been received: On November 20 Mr. Woodin, looking happy, had lunch with three friends at the Hotel Algonquin in New York. He ate sparingly of lamb stew. An aggressive business man at the next table aggressively pressed him to say a few words at a meeting of other aggressive business men the same afternoon—mentioning as a special inducement that Mr. du Pont was coming up from Wilmington. Mr. Woodin quailed, smiled deprecatingly, produced excuses, declined. The rest of the meal was spent in low-voiced conversation with his three friends and in passing around and fingering over sheets of musical scores. The waiters were not much impressed. They told *The Nation's* spies that the Secretary of the Treasury was not the only big man who ate at the Algonquin; they had a Secretary of State as well—a Mr. Colby.

ALTHOUGH their numbers are declining, there is still a large group of persons in the United States who believe that it is all very well to carry on formal diplomatic and trade relations with Russia, but we must never forget that the Soviet social, religious, and domestic systems are such as no honest blue-blooded American would wish to touch with sterilized rubber gloves. A country which has destroyed the home and submerged the family—well, you know how we feel about that! It is instructing in this connection to hear a real, honest-to-goodness Bolshevik talking to his wife. As reported in the New York *World-Telegram,* the radioed conversation, in English, between Mr. Litvinov in Washington and Mrs. Litvinov in Moscow went something like this:

MR. L. Hello.
MRS. L. Hello, darling. I can hear you beautifully.
MR. L. Speak slowly, will you?
MRS. L. Where are you?
MR. L. In the White House. . . . President Roosevelt asked me to give you his regards.
MRS. L. Thank you very much, regards to him. . . . Mischa would like to say a word to you.
MR. L. Mischa is with you? Hello, Mischa. How are your studies? . . .
MISCHA. Very nice. . . . How are you, papa? . . .
MR. L. What kind of weather are you having?
MRS. L. Beautiful, clear snow. . . . How is everybody in the delegation—all well?
MR. L. Yes.
MRS. L. When shall we see you? . . .
MR. L. Love and kisses. Goodby.

It is evident from this that everything we have heard about the home life of the Bolsheviks is true. There is none, in short. Because, of course, although the Litvinov conversation sounded just like one that must take place over the telephone in this country in thousands of homes every night where Papa is away and wants to talk to his family, obviously these were all code words meaning: "Hail the revolution! The Amerikanskis are in our power! Pass the wolf steak!"

The Vagrant Dollar

WITH whatever assurance Professor Warren and the President may be going ahead with their currency plans, it becomes increasingly obvious that their confidence is not shared by the country as a whole. We are not speaking of the opposition of chambers of commerce, which might have been expected even if those currency plans had been much more promising than they are. We are not referring primarily even to the concern expressed by Professor Kemmerer and many other distinguished monetary economists. We are referring to the obvious effects of the President's program on the volume of business activity. To see what this has been, it is merely necessary to refer to the index of business activity compiled weekly by the New York *Times,* made up from the combined figures of freight car loadings, steel-mill capacity, electric-power, automobile, and lumber production, and cotton forwardings. This index has been plunging downward since the middle of July at a faster rate than at any previous time during the depression. It has already canceled three-quarters of the promising rise in activity from the low point in March to the high point in early July. Activity is now back at the level of last April, when we had barely emerged from the banking collapse. This is the harsh and alarming fact that cannot be disposed of by cheerful references to critics of the Warren-Roosevelt money plan as "tories" and "doubting Thomases." Business activity and the reemployment of the millions of unemployed cannot take place except in an atmosphere of confidence. The country can neither be kidded into confidence nor bullied into it. Confidence follows actions that inspire it, and nothing else.

It is hardly necessary to labor the point that the gold and dollar policy of the Administration in the last month has not been such as to inspire the country's confidence. To begin with, the country has never had the privilege of hearing any clear formulation of that policy. It is easy enough to guess at the plan's ultimate objectives; they are, presumably, to restore the price level of 1926 and then to hold to that price level. But economists and a growing number of laymen are justifiably suspicious of the methods which the Administration thinks will achieve these objectives.

These suspicions came to a head when the President announced that the government would fix daily the price of newly mined American gold. It was obvious that in placing this figure above the world gold price he was merely paying a gratuitous subsidy to American gold miners. To "repudiate" the gold standard, he adopted the strange method of buying more gold, at a price higher than the market rate, and adding it to what was already the greatest gold accumulation in history, at the same time forbidding anyone to draw out any of this gold. When this device failed to influence directly the foreign-exchange value of the dollar (a result that any competent economist could have predicted beforehand), the President ordered the purchase of gold abroad. By this means he has succeeded in getting the dollar down. But he could have achieved the same result much more simply and less expensively by the simple announcement of an intention to devaluate the dollar to a given level.

There is, of course, nothing new in the monetary theories of Professor Warren which Mr. Roosevelt is following.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Professor Warren's plan for a "compensated dollar" is taken over without change from Irving Fisher. That plan has been known to economists for at least the last fifteen years, and Professor Fisher has gained very few adherents for it. In "Prices," the book he has written in collaboration with Professor Pearson, in which his views are very fully set forth, Professor Warren does nothing to answer the criticisms that have been made of that plan. He does nothing to answer the criticism that the compensated dollar would mean a constantly fluctuating foreign-exchange rate, which would be a constantly demoralizing factor in our foreign trade. Nor does he attempt to answer the still more pertinent criticism that a gold dollar fluctuating in weight, combined with free convertibility, would lead everyone to speculate with impunity against our government and at last drain the government of gold completely.

Finally, to come to the immediate situation, neither Professor Warren nor the President seems to recognize that a paper dollar that is merely depreciated cannot possibly have the same effect on the price level as a new gold dollar devaluated to the same extent. For a new convertible gold dollar, even if devaluated 50 per cent, would at least have the element of certainty in it. It would be fixed. Importers, exporters, prospective borrowers, prospective lenders, business men, and consumers could then do business with relative confidence. The price level might rise sharply as a result of the devaluation and of the return of confidence inspired by this feeling of certainty; and business activity might increase for the same reason. No longer would there be hesitation and paralysis through fears that the personal whim of the Executive or the pressure of political groups or speculative flights by individuals to or from the dollar would lead to a drastically different quotation for the dollar tomorrow, next month, or next year.

The President is profoundly mistaken when he holds that stabilizing the dollar now would be putting the cart before the horse. It is precisely he and Professor Warren who are committing that fallacy. For under a merely depreciated currency, as the experience of Great Britain and Japan has amply shown, there is no rise in internal prices commensurate with the fall in the value of the currency. Only the confidence bred of a fixed rate and a return to gold convertibility can bring that commensurate rise. Fortunately, there is no longer any opposition among conservatives to devaluation. The proposal for devaluation, which would have been dismissed as fantastic only a year ago, is today accepted even by the most conservative of the President's critics. The United States Chamber of Commerce, for example, does not ask for a restoration of the dollar to parity, but only for a "fixed gold value of the dollar properly determined."

To stabilize, it is not necessary, of course, to begin gold convertibility immediately. It is merely necessary for the President and his advisers to make a plain, direct, and unequivocal announcement of the exact level at which they intend to return to convertibility, and of the exact date on which they expect to do so. It is immensely desirable, of course, that this return to convertibility should be taken in collaboration with Great Britain, preferably at a flat ratio of $5 to the pound, with both countries agreeing upon how much they wish to devaluate from the former level of their currencies. Immediate negotiations with the British should be begun looking toward that end.

The New Leisure

IT has taken a crisis in employment to turn the attention of Americans toward what ought to be an important—perhaps the most important—end of industrial progress: a reduction in the working hours of the average man. Hitherto the shortening of working hours has not at all kept pace with scientific and technological advances. Most of the benefits of the Machine Age have been in increased material possessions rather than in more leisure. But suddenly, without striving for it in the least, more leisure is thrust upon us. We are told, in fact, that our very existence depends upon working less. We should not resent the paradox. Blessings that come to us unasked and unexpected are blessings none the less.

Of course, in speaking of leisure, we have in mind the free time left to the man who is nevertheless sufficiently employed to be assured of a livelihood. As Nicholas Murray Butler recently said, so long "as work is not obtainable, leisure is impossible." Unemployment is a social disease which must be cured.

Although there has been considerable discussion already of how to use our new leisure, we have not given enough consideration to a question which is preliminary to that, what form the new leisure is to take. One day's rest in seven is an old tradition. Since about the beginning of this century a half-holiday in addition on Saturday has been a fairly common practice in offices and in the mechanical trades. For a decade past a five-day working week, with a two-day holiday, has made considerable headway. There is some danger now that this latter division of work and leisure may be seized upon as a general goal without any consideration of its advantages and disadvantages—or of other possibilities. The idea of a whole holiday on Saturday grew, largely accidentally, out of the previous custom of a half-holiday then. One of the early advantages of the Saturday holiday lay in the fact that few people had it. Thus it was a day when a favored few might do shopping or transact business, go to the country or enjoy amusements free from the crowds of Sunday. Obviously these advantages would disappear if the holiday were to become general. Universality would defeat one of its original purposes. It is hard for workers to get to department stores, offices, and banks, as it is. The advantage to the public lies in lessening individual working time through a stagger system while in most cases maintaining hours of business as they are.

In general, one gives more to one's work and gets more from one's leisure when the two are well distributed than when they are bunched. A five-day working week of eight hours a day, followed by a two-day holiday, can hardly be defended as an intelligent arrangement for most workers. Where adopted, the motives usually have been economy and convenience for the employers rather than the welfare of the employees. Would not most employees profit more from a seven-hour day five days a week and a five-hour day on Saturday? For study, exercise, or the prosecution of most outside interests a moderate amount of leisure every day is preferable to a glut of it at the end of the week. Moreover, the former adjustment of hours would enable many persons who are now tied up in our great cities to move out of them

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to regions where they could cultivate gardens and enjoy country life.

It seems obvious, though, that the forty-hour week is too long. It is unnecessary for Americans from the standpoint of producing a livelihood for themselves, and it is inadequate as a means of absorbing our present unemployment. A fundamental mistake of the NRA has been to allow forty hours of work a week—or more—for a large proportion of the country's industry. Our immediate aim should be a general working week of not more than thirty hours. In such circumstances, six hours of work daily for five days, followed by a two-day holiday, would not be a bad division of time, although even then some workers might prefer two half-holidays instead of an entire day off on Saturday.

The point we should like to emphasize is that no single method should be assumed to be a necessary or a best one, and the workers should not permit the arrangement of their leisure to be dictated by mere habit or a desire on the part of employers to save a little money. The growing complexity of our civilization suggests that an increasing number of businesses should be organized on a staggered system of working hours for employees. This would ease the pressure on overcrowded transportation systems and enable us to conduct amusement and recreational enterprises on a more satisfactory basis. Perhaps the goal for the future should be a common holiday on Sunday for as many persons as possible but a varied distribution of other free time.

The War-Debt Failure

THE collapse of the latest negotiations between the United States and Great Britain has gone almost unnoticed because of the recent election and other news events. The British negotiators were unable to make any headway whatever, and their government has therefore decided to make another "token payment" of $7,500,000 in December. President Roosevelt's statement declares only that "these discussions have made clear the great difficulty, if not impossibility, of reaching sound conclusions upon the amounts of international payments practicable over any considerable period of time in the face of the unprecedented state of world economic and financial conditions. It has, therefore, been concluded to adjourn the discussions until certain factors in the world situation—commercial and monetary—become more clarified." Thus the deadlock with England continues—a most unhappy state of affairs, while our other debtors seem to be ignoring the whole matter, and that, of course, is also an extremely unsatisfactory situation. As long as the United States fails to cancel these debts, or to compromise them—if that is possible—they remain in the background, a cause of ill-will overhanging the whole question of international relations and foreign trade, and contributing to that "unprecedented state of world economic and financial conditions" to which Mr. Roosevelt referred. The unpaid interest continues to pile up. Washington should receive $153,024,327.52 on December 15, and there are nearly $158,000,000 of unpaid arrears of interest for 1932 and 1933, to say nothing of principal.

The failure to come to an agreement with Great Britain is the more regrettable since we are now beginning an armament race with that country—thanks to Mr. Roosevelt's most egregious error since taking office—and since there are various unsettled questions pending between the United States and England which need to be cleared up. We have for years said that these Allied debts afforded a most desirable opportunity to further the cause of disarmament, and they could so have been used most effectively had our government desired to lead the way to disarming instead of continuing to arm steadily. But aside from the question of armaments, there are other unsettled problems between ourselves and Great Britain which should have been handled in connection with the debts. There is, for example, the necessity of the restoration of international maritime law so sorely breached by the British from the very beginning of the struggle in 1914. They who had the chief stake in upholding and strengthening the structure of international law, so far as it affects the seas, were the very ones to deal it the most damaging blows, and they have not yet taken any steps to undo the damage done, or to pledge themselves to refrain from similar action in the event of another war. The difficulty, of course, is that the rulers of England conceive of themselves chiefly in the role of belligerents, whereas the United States has historically thought in terms of neutrality and championed the cause of the freedom of the seas, one of the peace points which Woodrow Wilson failed to obtain. It is our deliberate judgment that the United States could well afford to forgive England what it owes us, in return for a just settlement of these maritime questions and certain claims against England which are still pending.

Thus, in the case of the Lewis gun the British government has declined to arbitrate the claim of a Belgian company in which American stockholders predominate, and has even disputed the right of the American government to speak for the American stockholders. Naturally, Washington has not taken its position without complete certainty that its legal case is sound, whereas the mere refusal of Great Britain to arbitrate may easily be construed as indicating that the British government is not sure of its ground. Then, the British government has confiscated the property of American-born women married to Germans before 1907, alhough it has returned the property of British-born wives of German nationals. In the case of the American-born wives it has assumed the position that they must have resumed their American citizenship before June, 1926. There is strong ground for the belief that the American citizenship of these women was never lost. But vastly more important than this is the necessity for the restoration of the rights of foreign private property and of international law in respect to such private property. The confiscation by the French and British of foreign enemy investments under Article 297 of the Treaty of Versailles was one of the gravest blows ever aimed at the entire institution of private property.

It is certainly not asking too much to demand a promise from Great Britain, in return for any debt settlement, that it shall agree to safeguard enemy private property within a belligerent country, and England itself ought to jump to agree to this, not only because of its far-flung investments, which expose it to grave loss in any future hostilities, but because its own record is particularly black and has been admitted to be so by Englishmen of distinction. Our own is not too good, which makes it all the more advisable that we ourselves should lead in bringing about the reerection of this

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

section of international law. Nearly two billions of dollars of private property were seized by our allies under Article 297; some of this might well be returned, but in any event the United States should insist upon the restoration of the legal security of foreign investments as a prerequisite to any final disposition of the debts.

So far as France is concerned, in addition to the above considerations, there is the Dacia case, which France must arbitrate because it involves a vital principle, namely, the transfer of a ship from belligerent to neutral nationality in a neutral port in time of war. Not only international law but Article 56 of the Declaration of London sustained the validity of such a flag transfer on the Dacia, but the French simply ignored this and thereby helped to shut off the trade in cotton between our Southern ports and Europe. If the United States demands justice in these matters, and the safeguarding and restoration of international law, our debtors can have no sound reason for refusing; at least no question of poverty or inability to act because of the world economic disaster comes into consideration here.

Hazards of Childbirth

"THE hazards of childbirth in New York City are greater than they need be. Responsibility for reducing them rests with the medical profession." With this abrupt and pointed paragraph the Committee on Public Health Relations of the New York Academy of Medicine closes a study of maternal mortality in New York City for the years 1930 to 1932.* More than 2,000 deaths were carefully analyzed by a group of obstetricians, and their conclusions, involving as they do the severest strictures on their fellow-physicians, have some of the irresistible news value of the man-bite-dog story. When a doctor attacks another doctor—it is time for the general public to take notice.

Since 1920 the infant-mortality rate in New York City has declined from 85.4 deaths per 1,000 live births to 50.9, an admirable tribute to advanced medical practices. In 1921 the maternal mortality rate in New York City was 5.33. In 1932 the present study determines it to be 5.98. Obviously something is wrong, for during that period there was progressive improvement in the methods of treatment and a marked increase of hospitalization of maternity cases. More hospitals, more doctors in attendance, more education for prenatal care, more of the paraphernalia of operations—and just as many deaths, 25 per cent of them from that ancient bugbear of the parturient, puerperal septicemia.

The obstetrical jury sitting in judgment on the deaths in question declare that 65.8 per cent of them were preventable; of these, 61.1 per cent are laid at the door of the attending physician. The report is worth quoting on this point:

> Where the lack of proper care was ascribed to failure on the part of the attendant, it is probable that this failure was not attributable to neglect or carelessness. Rather, *the ignorance and insufficient training* of the attendant prevented him from giving the high quality of care which he was attempting to provide for his patient and, further, *prevented the understanding on his part of the fact that he was incapable.*

The italics are ours. The declaration will not be consoling to prospective mothers. For carelessness or neglect might be matters that pertained to one case only, but ignorance—and worse still, ignorance of ignorance—are conditions likely to persist until some forcible interruption from outside insures their remedy.

Several other interesting observations are contained in the report. The maternal death-rate for municipal hospitals is 13.2 per 1,000 live births. This is considerably higher than the average, but it is obvious that the high rate is largely explicable on the grounds, first, that these hospitals must take emergency cases, and, second, that their patients are derived from the class which is least likely to have had prenatal care. In the matter of preventable deaths, however, the municipal hospital, in spite of the difficulty of a large percentage of its cases, has a better standing than private and obstetrical hospitals. The percentage of preventable septicemia deaths is 46.4 in the municipal hospitals and more than 60 in the other institutions studied. Preventable deaths following operative deliveries is 10.3 per cent for the municipal hospitals and around 30 per cent for other institutions. The percentage of all preventable maternal deaths is 34.2 in municipal hospitals and around 50 in other institutions.

Fifty-nine midwives were among the attendants on the cases studied. Of these nineteen were adjudged competent, twenty were thought to be fairly competent, twenty were grossly incompetent. Yet the rate of preventability for midwives compared favorably with the rate of practicing physicians who treated patients at home. The report states: "Contrary to the generally accepted opinion, the midwife is an acceptable attendant for properly selected cases of labor and delivery." And again: "Effort should be made to induce women who cannot obtain adequate medical or hospital care to avail themselves of the services of qualified midwives under the supervision of physicians."

To the admonitions which the report makes to pregnant women that their doctors may be incompetent and a midwife may treat them more successfully, and that home deliveries may be preferable to the hospital, is added the further caution—be careful of the physician who performs caesarean operations without valid cause. "The high incidence of operative interference during labor was an important factor in the result." The death-rate for operative deliveries was greatly in excess of that for spontaneous deliveries. Operative deliveries were more frequent because of the easy accessibility of anaesthesia, and "it is the opinion of many observers that the increase in the use of anaesthesia is a factor in keeping the maternal mortality rate stationery."

The remedy for these really alarming conclusions the report leaves with the doctors. "The profession itself must accept the responsibility for educating the lay public to a better understanding of the aims of obstetrics and the methods by which those aims may be realized. But prior to that must come increased education of the profession." It is, of course, heartening that a small group of doctors recognize their responsibility toward patients whom they themselves describe as "a socially significant class—women in the active, child-bearing years." The lay public can only hope that the figures of the future will be equally heartening after this campaign of education has got under way.

* Maternal Mortality in New York City. A Study of All Puerperal Deaths, 1930-1932." The Commonwealth Fund. $2.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Be nice to him, dear."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Issues and Men

The Nazi Child-Mind

COULD anything be more typical of a certain type of German mind than Hitler's "triumph" in the election just held? You suppress all opposition parties, you lock up in concentration camps your chief political opponents, you control the entire press, the radio, and the stage, you threaten anybody who dares oppose you, you send Brown Shirts to make sure that everybody votes for the only men you have permitted to be nominated for public office, and then when you have thus dragooned the voters into giving you a 92 per cent vote you turn to the rest of the world and say: "See how the entire nation stands behind me!" Only a German could be capable of this—only a German like Hitler who has never been abroad and, with his chief associates, has no knowledge or understanding of other peoples and their psychology. It is a childish performance which ranks with that incredible stupidity of 1917, when Herr Zimmermann of the Berlin Foreign Office sent a telegram to Mexico offering to give back to it the States of Arizona and New Mexico if it would enter the war on Germany's side. It was the result of the same mental processes as those which led Von Papen to assure Ludendorff and Hindenburg that the United States could not raise an army or send it to France in time to be of any use to the Allies and to forget all about the immediate financial aid which the United States could give within a week after joining forces. It is the same type of mind that subjects its prisoners to horrible cruelties in the prison camps, murders at least 2,000 unresisting persons, and then really believes that this can be kept from the rest of the world as easily as it has been kept from the German people as a result of the government's taking over and dominating the press. It is the same type of mind which not only swallows all the age-old, long-disproved lies about the Jews, but accepts the absurd pretense of Nordic and German superiority and racial purity and really believes in the myths which it thus makes its own.

It is precisely this immaturity of mind which makes it so hard to deal in the international field with a Hitler or a Göring. I do not doubt that the great mass of Germans who voted to support Hitler's withdrawal from the League of Nations and his demand that Germany be allowed to rearm were entirely and voluntarily with him. There was no need in their case to let it be known that if people did not vote promptly they would first be warned and then escorted to the polls. An equally unanimous vote on these questions could have been obtained by Dr. Brüning or any one of his predecessors. Of course every sane German has asked that Germany be restored to a position of equality with the nations which conquered it. It was never necessary to take a plebiscite on that. But if it had been, there would have been no need to destroy all the political parties in Germany save one in order to take it. If Hitler really thinks that his dragooned election told the rest of the world something it did not know, he is much less clever than has been supposed. Personally, I am surprised that the vote for him was not 100 per cent instead of a mere 92. Oh, yes, I know that he acquiesced in advance to a small minority in opposition so that he might contend that it really was a free election in which those who were opposed to him had the right to register their disapproval. But that can deceive no one. As it is, the only significant thing about the election is that the Catholic church did dare to advise its followers to oppose Hitler and that immediately after the election the former Chancellor Wilhelm Marx and other prominent Catholics were arrested on the same old charges of corruption which Hitler has brought against many and proved in only a few cases—why prove them when the mere bringing of charges sufficiently discredits your adversaries?

But while there is this astounding immaturity of mind, so unable to assay world opinion and to judge the effect upon it of any given action, it is idle to deny that in Hitler's case it is coupled with great shrewdness in dealing with his fellow-countrymen and unbridled mendacity and misrepresentation. Machiavelli has been outdone; the Hitler technique surpasses his. Some day when Germany has worked out of its present insanity, there will be a marvelous opportunity for someone to write a book about the lie and its use under Hitler. Never has there been a national movement so entirely built upon falsehoods and never have there been people so eager to swallow them as the exhausted and ill-treated Germans. The whole movement began with the lies that Germany was not defeated in the war but was ruined by Jews, pacifists, and Socialists who stabbed the army in the back at home, and that the Germans were in no wise guilty of bringing on the war, which like the peace of Versailles was the work of the international Jews. Here again you have the childlike mentality. These things go over because the Germans, always victims of an inferiority complex and always stirred because the rest of the world will not accept them at their own valuation as the greatest of all nations, are ready to believe anyone who plays up to their national prejudices and tells them what they wish to hear about their terrible maltreatment. If Hitlerism were not such a menace to the whole world, one would almost wish that the Germans might never awake out of their present dream.

One thing one must say for Hitler—he is the master-showman of the age. Mussolini has done quite a little in that line but Hitler has outdone him. I have just heard from two anti-Hitlerites, who were at Nürnberg for the great Hitler display, of the marvelous staging of the whole great scene, the tremendous sense of solidarity in the vast throng of Brown Shirts, the glorious singing, the dramatization of the whole ceremony of the laying of the wreath by Hitler upon the grave of the unknown soldier. They admitted that they were more deeply stirred and moved by this performance than by anything else they had ever seen. Hitler has outdone Barnum as he has proved that many more than one sucker are born every minute. Circuses Hitler has provided in full measure. Now the question is, How about the bread? Even a child-mind in a land of myths requires something substantial to exist. Despite his promises, Hitler has not ap-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

preciably reduced the number of unemployed, and the peasants of Germany are just as concerned with the low prices of their agricultural products as are our own farmers. From Bavaria comes news of growing dissatisfaction and unrest. That cannot be serious at present. It will be a long time before it is sufficient to exercise a modifying—or intensifying—effect upon Hitler. Meanwhile let the pressure go on! It must not be diminished by an iota.

Nazi Politics in America

By LUDWIG LORE

THE ways of Nazi politics are as variable as they are unfathomable. On November 2 the *Völkische Beobachter,* as official an expression of the Nazi mind as Hitler's "My Battle," published a three-column news article under the headline "No National Socialist Foreign Propaganda," which contained the following:

> Chancellor Adolf Hitler recently received Mr. Karl von Wiegand, one of the outstanding figures in the American newspaper world. The newspapers of the Hearst chain which Mr. Wiegand represents everywhere featured this interview on the first page and were unanimous in their approval of the *Führer's* assurance that National Socialists in other countries are being strictly enjoined from carrying on their party propaganda there. This, they all declared, would react favorably not only on official relations between Germany and the United States but on public opinion in America as well, a consideration of paramount importance to Germany in the present situation. Such propaganda, the *Führer* had stated, must inevitably endanger friendly relations between Germany and other nations. He, at any rate, would not hesitate for a moment to call those who acted in contradiction to this command strictly to account, and to expel them from party membership. This interview, according to the American press, is gratifying particularly for its timeliness, Congressman Dickstein having just announced that he is about to present proof of National Socialist propaganda in the United States to a Congressional Investigation Commission. The interview should prove once and for all that such propaganda, if and where it exists, is being carried on by uninstructed and irresponsible persons, and against the expressed wish and desire of the *Führer.*

On November 7 the well-known and thoroughly reliable Berlin correspondent of the Chicago *Daily News,* Junius D. Wood, successor to Edgar Ansel Mowrer, who was so summarily bowed out of Germany two months ago, cabled:

> An announcement from the press section of the Nazi party that Colonel Edwin Emerson, a New York clubman, has been named representative of the party's interests in the United States, revives unpleasant memories for many Americans who served overseas during the World War.

This wide divergence between the words and deeds of the Hitler Government is characteristic of the Dritte Reich and its policy of falsehood and ruthlessness. It is that policy which won the sympathies of the petty bourgeoisie and the small farmers by its anti-capitalist propaganda and now dances to the pipe of the heavy industries; which destroyed the trade unions, imprisoned their leaders, confiscated their treasuries, and yet dares reply to the boycott decision of the American Federation of Labor through Wilhelm Reichardt, secretary of the National Socialist Labor Front, in a cable to New York, that "it is untrue that the workers of Germany are being forbidden to organize in unions. That is a lie spread by those émigrés who, by their betrayal of the cause of labor, hurled the working class of Germany into the depths of misfortune." In officially forbidding all propaganda on foreign shores, and five days later, through its party, appointing an official political representative for the United States, the Hitler Government is simply following its accustomed policy of duplicity and deceit.

The appointment of Colonel Emerson on November 7 was by no means the beginning of Nazi propaganda in our country. It merely started a new chapter in a work that was already well under way. The National Socialist German Labor Party has been actively engaged in propaganda on this side of the Atlantic since the fall of 1930, when it sent to the United States two paid propagandists who, with the support of a corps of volunteer workers, were to carry on the work of popularizing National Socialist ideas here. The work was centralized in the hands of a certain Ernst Lüdecke, registered correspondent of the *Völkische Beobachter* in Washington. After the election victories of the Nazis in March and September Herr Lüdecke was generally accepted here as Hitler's unofficial ambassador. He associated intimately with Congressmen and high government officials and was a well-known figure in the various offices of the State Department. Among the former, MacFadden of Pennsylvania and Banton of Texas seemed particularly amenable to Herr Lüdecke's influence; anti-Semitic speeches delivered in the national House of Representatives by these gentlemen during this period bore loud testimony to the diligence with which they had imbibed of the somewhat turgid waters that sprang from this font of wisdom. An outstanding example of this sort of indirect propaganda was Mr. MacFadden's impassioned defense of the Hitler regime and its anti-Semitic policies on the closing day of the last session of Congress.

The recall of Herr Lüdecke—the gentleman is at present confined in a Nazi prison—brought a reorganization of the American branch of the German fascist party. On September 30, 1932, Dr. Nieland of Hamburg, chief of the foreign branches of the National Socialist Party, issued a decree signed by Hitler establishing an auxiliary of the party in the United States, appointing Heinz Spanknöbel of Detroit commander-in-chief of the Nazis in America, and designating officials in New York, Chicago, Cincinnati, Detroit, Los Angeles, San Francisco, St. Louis, Boston, and Jersey City to build up the as yet weak and ineffectual local organizations. The result was a wave of propaganda, liberally financed from above, wherever a strong German-American population seemed to offer a fruitful field for agitation—a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

propaganda so effective that the National Socialist Party in Germany, having meanwhile achieved control of Germany's national government, deemed it advisable to reconstruct its American division on a new basis. On April 30, 1933, the party branches were ostensibly dissolved, and on May 1 a new organization was created calling itself Liga der Freunde des neuen Deutschland, under which innocent name it has from that day to this carried on a National Socialist propaganda that lays particular emphasis on anti-Semitism. The new league and various similarly named organizations are controlled by the identical elements that had previously directed the party organization, but they were now able to penetrate circles that would have been inaccessible to a purely political organization. Even Americans not of German blood were inveigled into membership. Each of the local organizations of the league elects—besides its regular officers, one of whom is a storm-troop commander—a publicity and propaganda section consisting, according to the strength of the organization, of from five to fifteen members. The constitution provides that the members of these propaganda divisions shall be wherever possible National Socialists specially trained for this activity. The league as such carries on no propaganda among Americans; this work is done by auxiliary organizations such as the Friends of Germany in New York.

The aforementioned Colonel Emerson is the director of the New York auxiliary, functions as correspondent to the *Völkische Beobachter,* and has a "Translation and Advisory Bureau" in the Whitehall Building, 17 Battery Place, New York, which also houses the German Consul General and his offices. From 1914 to 1917 Colonel Emerson was editor of the English *Continental News,* published by the German government to carry on pro-German propaganda among English-speaking soldiers during the war. After the United States entered the World War he officially retired from the editorship of this paper but remained to the end of the war the confidential friend of the German authorities. He is assisted by T. St. John Gaffney, former American Consul General in Munich, who was retired from the diplomatic service during the war because of his pro-German activity—a man who works enthusiastically without any remuneration. To the same group belong Frederick Franklin Schrader, who during the war carried on pro-German propaganda in this country, who writes for the *American Observer,* the English supplement to the Nazi *Amerika Deutsche Post,* and who has also been in the employ of the German Embassy, Lieutenant Colonel Henry W. Torney, Dr. John Hoving, M. E. Griswold, Joseph J. O'Donohue, Poultney Bigelow, Ferdinand Hansen, and many others.

The brains and the purse of all the propaganda activities of the American Nazis are in the General Consulate in New York, while the Embassy is kept informed. Up to June 21 of this year, and probably since that time as well, these offices subsidized a number of German and American writers of repute and paid the cost of other propaganda activity. The bills for these expenditures and others are usually paid by Herr Löper, treasurer of the German General Consulate, and the receipts are sent to Berlin by special courier or with the diplomatic mail pouch. In several instances Dr. Degener of the German-American Commercial League has acted as paymaster. After Heinz Spanknöbel had staged his mysterious disappearance, Ambassador Hans Luther declared that neither he nor his Embassy had ever had the slightest connection with him. The Ambassador had evidently forgotten that Dr. Rudolf Leitner, counselor of the Embassy, at least twice came from Washington to New York to confer with Herr Spanknöbel (and surely not on his own initiative), and that the latter visited the legation in Washington at least once to report in person. In the General Consulate in New York Spanknöbel was a frequent visitor. He conferred at regular intervals with Consul General Kiep and with his successor, Dr. Hans Borchers, and was often invited to social functions in the home of the former to make the contacts necessary for his work. It is probable that Dr. Luther knew little of the details of Spanknöbel's work, but he was undoubtedly familiar with the important phases of National Socialist propaganda in the United States and must have known of Dr. Leitner's regular telephone conversations with the General Consulate in New York concerning Spanknöbel's work. Dr. Luther, a former left-wing member of the German People's Party, and his attaché, Dr. Leitner, up to January 30 of this year a staunch supporter of ex-Chancellor Dr. Marx and a vociferous republican, have become pathetically eager to demonstrate their dyed-in-the-wool Nazi allegiance on every possible occasion.

On June 21 Berlin again ordered a reorganization of the National Socialist propaganda service in this country. Colonel Emerson, whose activity had been severely criticized in American circles, was transferred to a less conspicuous position, and plans were laid for a systematic levy on important German business houses in this country. At a meeting of prominent German-Americans held in the German Consulate here Dr. Luther and Dr. Kiep emphasized that it was the duty of German business men in this country to finance this propaganda campaign. Their business enterprises, it was declared, would be seriously endangered by the anti-German boycott unless energetic measures were taken to counteract it. Furthermore, German propaganda could be carried on less conspicuously and would be less readily identifiable if paid for by merchants, manufacturers, and other business men of German origin or extraction in this country. General A. Metz, the American representative and manager of the I. G. (Interessen-Gemeinschaft der Chemischen Industrien Deutschlands), Vom Rath of the I. G. Chemical Corporation, Willi von Meister, American representative of the Dornier Motor Works, Friedrichshaven, and Adolf Scheurer, director of the American office of the Hamburg-American Line, were provisionally intrusted with the organization of this work. When General Metz returned with Mr. Ridder of the *Staats-Zeitung* from a semi-official trip to Germany, he denied that he was a National Socialist, but he has always refused to employ Jews in his important business enterprises. The gentlemen who control the German-American passenger lines have been more outspoken in their support of the new regime and have forced their employees to join the Nazi "unions." Under the new arrangement Colonel Emerson again became director of propaganda, but the happy days in which he functioned as the most highly paid propaganda representative of any foreign government are definitely over; his new employers, the German-American business men, are not as liberal with their hard-earned shekels as was Dr. Goebbels with the money of the German people.

But this does not mean that the German Propaganda Ministry is now leaving the Germans in America to their own resources. Its endeavors to sell Hitlerism to the some-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

what skeptical American public are, if anything, more elaborate and more extensive than ever. Approximately three months ago it arranged with Carl Byoir and Associates, of 10 East Fortieth Street, New York, for the distribution of informative material on the "New Germany." Under the terms of this contract George Sylvester Viereck went to Germany with Carl D. Dickey, one of the "associates," to look around and to interview Hitler, Göring, Goebbels, Frick, Schacht, and most of the other Nazi dignitaries; these absolutely unbiased and objective impressions will be served up to Americans in a series of widely syndicated articles in the near future. I have not been able to verify the report sent out by a well-known American news service that the German government will invite ten American journalists to come to Germany during the coming year—independently of a similar activity carried on by the coordinated Karl Schurz Vereinigung—to give them an opportunity to investigate conditions in the Dritte Reich at the expense of the German government. But be that as it may, the American public will shortly have the opportunity of listening to glowing descriptions of Hitler's achievements by well-known speakers. These gentlemen, professors and government officials temporarily withdrawn from public service, are cropping up in all parts of the country. Others, as, for instance, the popular Count Luckner, who spoke for the Nazis in Germany, make no secret of their National Socialist sympathies. Generally these gentlemen work with much circumspection. Cases like that of Georg Schmitt, member of the Steel Helmets and wine salesman, who made himself impossible by the crudeness with which he carried out his mission, have been rare.

Much has been said and written concerning the presence of members of Göring's secret state police in the consulates, large banks, and institutions of this country, although it has not been possible to establish their activity beyond a doubt. It is, however, probable that the number of these salaried tools of the German government is far smaller than is generally believed, because they can and do obtain much valuable information and assistance from volunteer sources. The number of such volunteers is legion. The inroads Nazi patriotism has made on German-American sentiment have been revealed by Spanknöbel's astonishing success in New York. In August he set out with a small group of supporters to capture the Vereinigte Deutsche Gesellschaften, the delegated central body of the more than 300 German societies of New York City, organizations which, with very few exceptions, are entirely non-political in purpose and activity and stodgily middle-class in outlook. The Germans in New York are traditionally adherents of the Democratic Party, and political discussions are rare among them in normal times. All this changed, however, when Spanknöbel and his henchmen appeared upon the scene. With incredible ease, in a brief period of six weeks his men persuaded a large majority of these societies to instruct their delegates to the Vereinigte Deutsche Gesellschaften to support a National Socialist program of activity and to withdraw delegates who were in disagreement with Germany's new governmental ideas. In the September meeting these delegates indorsed the Hitler Government and voted down a resolution condemning its anti-Semitic policies. They further decided to hold a German Day celebration, on which occasion the Nazi flag was to be raised. Luther and Spanknöbel were chosen as speakers for this significant demonstration. The executive board of the delegate body presented its resignation, and a number of liberal and Jewish organizations withdrew. The *Staats-Zeitung*, which had dominated this body since its inception, was vociferous in its protests. Bernard Ridder appeared at the October meeting and launched a vigorous attack against the American Nazis in general and against Herr Spanknöbel in particular. He disclosed that the latter had presented himself at the office of the *Staats-Zeitung* with credentials from the German government as the "leader of the Germans in the United States," and had claimed the right to determine the political line of the *Staats-Zeitung* under orders from the *Führer* in Berlin. Ridder had indignantly repudiated these pretensions and had asked Spanknöbel to leave his office. The war was on! The milk of human kindness with which the owners of the German daily had accepted even the most outrageous of Nazi atrocities in Germany turned slightly sour. But the Ridders found that the peace-loving *Spiesser* with whom they had been accustomed to deal in their intercourse with the German-American societies had been changed almost overnight into roaring lions who followed Spanknöbel through fire and water and howled down Mr. Ridder's protest in true Nazi style. The *Staats-Zeitung* followers experienced a second terrific defeat, but the Germany Day celebration, thanks to Mayor O'Brien, was not held. Spanknöbel, probably at the instigation of the Brothers Ridder, was indicted for having failed to register with the State Department as agent of a foreign government, and his flight has dampened, for the time being at least, the fervor of his followers in the German societies here.

The entire affair might be disregarded altogether did it not show so clearly the rapidity with which a fascist infection may spread in this country. We have here a group of over 300 societies with a membership hitherto indifferent to ideological and social problems and totally without political passions. Not even in the exciting years of the World War did the patriotic passions of these usually stolid Teutons move them to excesses like these. Yet a clever Nazi agitator was able in two short months to change peaceful German-Americans into a horde of wildly gesticulating, fanatical anti-Semites who threw their old leaders into the discard at a word from a hitherto unknown Nazi propagandist.

Labor in the United States will have to face the question with which European labor has had to reckon for years past: What will be its attitude toward fascist propaganda in this country? The conception that every political group must enjoy the right of untrammeled self-expression was supported by Communist and Socialist organizations in Europe when National Socialism first raised its head, and was in no small degree responsible for their hopeless defeat. The rapid growth of the Ku Klux Klan movement in this country and the more recent success of William Dudley Pelley's anti-Semitic "Silver Shirts," who are working hand in hand with the American Nazi representatives, should furnish food for thought. That the former collapsed after a period of mushroom prosperity is not proof of the essential saneness of the American citizenry. Its history and its ideas were the outgrowth of local Southern conditions and had little or no application to the problems of the rest of the nation.

Mistakes are in the world to be made, a German writer once said. But they are in the world also that one may learn not to repeat them. It is this that our doctrinaires of "pure democracy" have yet to learn.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rebellion in Puerto Rico

By HUBERT HERRING

San Juan, November 10

TWO of the smaller Atlantic islands—Manhattan and Puerto Rico—now have a common bond. President Roosevelt gave both to Postmaster Farley. Farley picked Joseph McKee to rule Manhattan and Robert Gore to rule Puerto Rico. Both islands rebelled; Manhattan has achieved a rousing success, and Puerto Rico will probably soon rid itself of Gore.

In the long story of American ineptitude in Puerto Rico the last chapter must be written down as the most melancholy. For thirty-five years we have extended what General Miles termed in 1898 "the fostering arm of a nation of free people." The governors bestowed by this fostering arm have usually been gentlemen of good intentions; they have perhaps been deserving of political favors; they have rarely been distinguished for their ability. The worst was Mont Reilly, Harding's gift; the best, Theodore Roosevelt, Hoover's appointee; the dullest and most pathetic, Robert Gore, lifted from oblivion by Farley and about to be retired to oblivion by the grace of God, supported by the rage of the Puerto Rican people.

The case of Robert Gore might be forgotten were there not danger that the President may absent-mindedly allow his postmaster to repeat the performance. That cannot be, and the record must contain the entry showing the price which we exact from our subject people in Puerto Rico in the name of political expediency. Mr. Gore had made money in Florida and spent large sums on the Roosevelt cause. He was given Puerto Rico. True, he had other qualifications—genuine human sympathy and vestigial traces of a liberalism acquired in the days of Eugene Debs. He went to Puerto Rico in the sincere hope of translating the ethical ideals of the New Deal into practical terms for the island. He saw the struggle between the possessors and the dispossessed. He wanted to do something about it. That from the beginning he was unable to obtain results commensurate with his sympathies was because of defects of the head, not the heart.

It is reported that when he was appointed, Mr. Gore was not quite sure where Puerto Rico was. After a talk with him, it is clear to me that he is still confused on that point. Someone in Washington, someone near the Great White Throne, told Mr. Gore that the Puerto Ricans were children, and that the wise governor would treat them as children. The unnamed misinformant should be warned not to make that mistake again. Whatever may be said of the Puerto Ricans, they are not children. For 400 years they served Spain. Other colonies revolted and escaped, but Puerto Rico was peaceful and small. The Puerto Ricans had recourse to politics, and they became expert. They outplayed Spanish governors and cabinets systematically and malevolently. Mr. Gore arrived with his trunkload of colored beads; the politicians took his beads away from him, they took everything from him, and he is returning to the United States, unhappy and sick, with no glimmer of an idea what happened in this island, seemingly so innocent and peaceful. He is, however, obsessed by the conviction that the island is seething with a dreadful thing which he calls "anti-Americanism." Those who oppose him are perforce "anti-Americans."

From the beginning Mr. Gore talked and played politics. His predecessor, Theodore Roosevelt, had escaped that pitfall; he had talked about the suffering children, about the exploited needleworkers, about the plight of the sugar workers. But Gore put his head into the political trap, and it clamped down with a dull crunching of gubernatorial bones. The complicated political picture includes three major parties: first, the Union Republicans, composed of the respectable people who own things or work for people who own things, the lawyers, doctors, and business men; second, the Socialists, of a breed which has forgotten Karl Marx and thinks William Green a labor leader. They are a pathetically ineffective but honest group, sincerely working for the improvement of the lot of the workers. Their greatest spiritual handicap is too long and too close association with the American Federation of Labor. Third, there are the Liberals, a new hopper into which has been gathered a miscellaneous collection of old conservatives and young liberals. For the most part they are the habitual followers of Antonio Barceló, the most picturesque politician of the island, honest, magnetic, an opportunistic patriot. The chief plank in the Liberal platform is insular independence, and it is upheld honestly and tenaciously by the rank and file of the younger leaders in the group. The first two of these parties are at present united against Barceló's Liberals. This coalition received 210,000 votes in the last election, against the Liberals' 175,000, thereby winning control of the Congress. Gore, innocently thinking that things are as they seem, decided to be realistic and to play ball with the coalition. He forgot its complete artificiality and seemed not to realize that while Barceló and his party were for the moment submerged they have an obstinate capacity for rising again. Gore played the coalition game and showed decided animosity toward the Liberals. This animosity was natural to a man of Gore's type. The Liberals were "anti-American." They wished to have Spanish taught as the language of the island, and they proposed at the earliest possible moment to pull down the Stars and Stripes. His distaste was promptly reciprocated. Unfortunately for Gore, the Liberals have several men who know how to express distaste in stirring fashion. One of them is Luis Muñoz Marin. The columns of *La Democracia* have kept Mr. Gore awake nights. Nothing has been left unsaid, and Mr. Gore gave a clever editor plenty of things to say.

The first too astute political move of the new governor was a requirement that all new appointments should be filed with undated resignations. The inevitable storm aroused by this affront to the dignity of appointees was met by a blanket denial of the order from Gore. Whereupon Barceló's *La Democracia* came out with a streaming headline in English. "Governor Gore, you are a damn liar!" Muñoz Marin in his editorial suggested that the Governor bring a libel suit. The Governor didn't.

The patronage question came next. Gore had reason to know that to the victors belong the spoils. He had profited

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

under that accepted principle. The Democratic Party is represented in Puerto Rico by a select group of 175 hopeful Democrats. President Roosevelt owed much to this group. Their six votes in the convention that nominated him were his from the first day. Farley saw to that. The local leaders of this valiant band were quick to press their claims. One Mrs. Whittemore was open-minded on the subject of being appointed governor. Failing in that, she revealed her willingness to serve as commissioner of education. This post was held by José Padín, whom Theodore Roosevelt had persuaded to give up a more lucrative business post in order to take it. Padín had made a conspicuous success, and he was acclaimed wherever educators foregathered. From the beginning Gore showed marked dislike for Padín. Padín, it seemed, spoke Spanish, approved of teaching Spanish, had no interest in politics, refused to allow the politicians to meddle with his schools—obviously he was "anti-American." A cable from Washington requested Padín's resignation. Things looked bright for the Mrs. Whittemore who had helped to elect Roosevelt. Then the storm broke. Almost everyone in Puerto Rico who knew or cared about schools wrote or wired to Washington. American educators entered the lists and told the President in unmistakable words exactly what they thought of paying party debts with the schools of Puerto Rican children. Padín is still commissioner, and Farley had to find other jobs for his staunch Puerto Rican henchmen. Mrs. Whittemore was given the post of collector of internal revenue, Mr. Horton of attorney-general, Mrs. Dooley of chief of immigration—all well-paying jobs which should have gone to more competent Puerto Ricans.

The most spectacular scene—and probably the last in which Gore will play a part—was staged on the campus of the University of Puerto Rico in Rio Piedras. The university has been the football of island politics ever since it was founded, but under the able direction of Carlos Chardon, a brilliant scientist and able executive, it has made steady progress. It is the proud center of island culture and is dear to Puerto Rican hearts. It symbolizes the spiritual independence of the people in the face of alien domination. Faculty, students, alumni, and islanders generally have repeatedly demanded that the politicians keep their hands off. The Governor soon gave evidence of suspecting the university. It too was put on the anti-American list. A place on the board of trustees became vacant, and it was the Governor's duty to make an appointment. He has wide latitude under the law, the only requirement being that the nominee must have made a name in the arts, in science, or in letters. Gore appointed Alonso Torres, an active politician, a congressmen, a labor leader, a Socialist, an honest and zealous protagonist for the workers of the island. The appointment was inspired by two motives, one political and one emotional. Torres was a leader in the dominant coalition, chairman of the finance committee of the house. Furthermore, he was a recognized leader of labor, and Gore thought that he was striking a blow for the dispossessed by making the appointment. If it had been a clear case of appointing a labor man to a place on the university board, Gore might well have been applauded, but the case was not clear. The appointment was definitely political. The coalition was determined to control the university and to "Americanize" it. Further, Torres did not qualify as competent in the field of arts, science, or letters. He had on numerous occasions expressed his dislike of the university. His literary efforts were brought out to confound him, especially the report of an economic commission of which he had been chairman. Included among the proposals for the betterment of economic conditions in the island was one which suggested the possibility of raising nightingales, these to be trained to sing the Star Spangled Banner and to be sold in the United States for fifty dollars each. The appointment of Torres evoked a cry of rage from students and alumni, parents and friends. It was the *cause célèbre* which solidified the island against the Governor. A delegation of students sought an appointment with the Governor, but was refused. The students paraded with a coffin labeled *Cultura,* and in the shadow of the Governor's house shed tears over the bier. They sent three girls with a copy of a book of etiquette for Mr. Gore. They called an assembly and voted a student strike. The Governor broke into a cold sweat. Here was anarchy, insubordination, ingratitude, and—anti-Americanism. He decided to call out the militia, but was dissuaded by men of calmer mind. He decided to close the university altogether, but someone reminded him of Machado. In the meantime the students laughed and marched and sang. They campaigned throughout the island. Alumni and parents joined forces with them. Chancellor Chardon kept his head. Commissioner Riggs of the insular police talked with the boys and suggested that all retain their sense of humor, and the university voted a recess of two weeks. The Governor ordered extra guards for his house, and the two weeks went by. Torres, under orders, or out of his own wisdom, resigned. The students went back to work. They had captured the respect of practically all sections of the population, for they had expressed the stored-up resentment against a man who presumed to ride rough-shod over the dignity and self-respect of the island. They won the strike, and more. They made it certain that Governor Gore must retire.

The most heartening experience one can have in Puerto Rico is a talk with the leaders of the student directory. I have just talked for three hours with five of them. They are young men of poise and idealism. They stand out in welcome contrast to Puerto Rican old-guard politicians. They are thinking in fundamental economic and social terms of the island's future. Their minds are not closed. Many of them believe that Puerto Rico should be allowed to work out its destiny as a separate nation. They have not been "Americanized," and I hope they will not be. The word has a bad connotation in Puerto Rico.

I regret the necessity of writing these words about Robert Gore, but he represents a political habit which must be rooted out. He has gone far toward undoing the excellent work of Theodore Roosevelt in building up relations of mutual respect between the island and the mainland. Yet the fault is not primarily Gore's. The real culprit is Postmaster-General Farley together with the spoils system of which he is belated administrator.

On the eve of the Seventh Pan-American Conference in Montevideo it is fitting that the Administration take swift measures to make honorable amend to the Puerto Ricans. The Latin American peoples question our good intentions. Puerto Rico is a test of the reality of those intentions. We have failed miserably there during the greater part of thirty-five years. Our one Latin American colony would without question vote to leave us tomorrow if given a chance. It is a sorry commentary on our handling of the island's affairs.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Murder and the Khaki Shirts

By JOHN NICHOLAS BEFFEL

WHEN Commander-in-Chief Art J. Smith of the fascist Khaki Shirts suddenly announced on the night of October 11 a plan to take over the city of Philadelphia and seize three armories preliminary to a march on Washington next day, fifteen members of his general staff mutinied. Smith found himself in a tough spot and fled. Then the Philadelphia police raided three Khaki Shirts centers and confiscated many guns, knives, and other weapons.

But there was one gun which they did not find, because it was already in the hands of the New York City police. That weapon was the twenty-five-caliber Colt automatic pistol which killed Anthony Fierro, anti-Fascist student, while he was defending a friend who was being ejected from a meeting of Khaki Shirts in Astoria, Long Island, on July 14. It has been the business of the committee defending Athos Terzani, who is accused of Fierro's murder, to trace the history of that pistol from the time it was shipped from the factory to the moment when it was hidden in a piano as Fierro lay dying. Findings on this point are held in reserve.

Terzani, a comrade of the slain youth, is to face a jury on November 27 in Long Island City. He will declare again that Fierro actually was shot by a member of the Khaki Shirts who was identified on the night of the tragedy by himself and another eyewitness, then a stranger to him. Policemen who questioned Terzani that night tried to get him to take the pistol in his hand, but he had too much sense to do it, being mindful of fingerprints. An officer of the Khaki Shirts, however, had picked up the gun from the floor after the shooting and helped to conceal it.

Despite the testimony given by Terzani and the other identifying witness, Michael Palumbo, both of whom had unblemished records, Assistant District Attorney Joseph Loscalzo released the member of the Khaki Shirts they had pointed out and permitted him to leave the State. Loscalzo held Terzani for the murder and Palumbo for a stabbing of which he was presently exonerated. This arbitrary action was based solely on the word of "General" Smith.

Commander Smith's public pronouncements in earlier months had dealt largely with guns and violence. In June he had proclaimed in Philadelphia that he had 7,000,000 men in his organization equipped with artillery, tanks, machine-guns, and rifles, and that in due time the Khaki Shirts would march to Washington, seize the federal government, and set up a dictatorship. Life, liberty, justice, and equality were listed at the outset as cornerstones of the Khaki Shirt organization. Smith's wife was made treasurer. Initiation cost $2, and for months the Quartermaster found a ready sale for khaki shirts, trench coats, and spiked helmets.

New York City soon drew Smith's attention. One of his aids had a cousin there who had been active in Italian political clubs. Astoria, in Queens County, was picked as a likely spot for extension activities. Smith and his officers and a few privates drove up from Philadelphia on July 14 for a meeting in Astoria. That night the Khaki Shirts spread themselves in strategic positions around the interior of Columbus Hall. Perhaps 125 persons were present, mainly Italians. A dozen or more of these were anti-Fascists. "General" Dominic Siani of Smith's staff spoke. When he mentioned fascism and Mussolini, somebody in the audience booed. The interrupter was promptly quieted by khaki-clad guards. Then Fort Vellona, reporter for *La Stampa Libera*, anti-Fascist daily, arose and began to explain why the other man had booed—"because we don't like fascism and Mussolini." Commander Smith hurried down to Vellona, and an argument followed, then blows.

Anthony Fierro, on a bench near Vellona, had leaped to his defense quickly. There was a general fight, with great confusion. Fierro and Smith became locked in a desperate struggle; Fierro had been struck on the head and was bleeding badly. Then a shot was fired and Fierro slumped down dying.

If Terzani had been guilty, his defenders argue, he would have left before the police came—there was ample time—and so have escaped detection, since he was known only to his own group. But he lingered, hoping to aid Fierro, who he soon realized was beyond aid. A physician among the Khaki Shirts eased the dying boy's last moments. When the police appeared on the scene, Terzani led them to the piano and showed them where the murder gun was hidden, beneath the key cover. Then Terzani pointed to one of the Khaki Shirts and said: "That's the man who killed him!" Palumbo corroborated this charge. "General" Smith raised his voice to contradict them and accused Terzani.

Solely on Smith's word Terzani was held for the grand jury and was indicted for second-degree murder, the penalty for which is twenty years to life. A united-front defense committee, headed by Norman Thomas, was formed. Seven lawyers volunteered to defend Terzani, with Arthur Garfield Hays as chief counsel. Michele Fierro, father of the slain youth, repudiated the indictment as "an outrageous frame-up." E. J. Phillips, former Khaki Shirts organizer, quit the aggregation in disgust and offered to "give vital testimony" for the defense after letters he sent to District Attorney Charles Colden of Queens County were ignored. Mr. Colden promised on August 28 to make a new inquiry into the Fierro killing, but he has never made it.

For four days "General" Smith was missing after the Columbus Day debacle; then he surrendered on a fraud charge, asserting that "the police and the radicals" had plotted against him, and was freed on bail. When the District Attorney in a letter to Norman Thomas indicated doubt that Smith and other Khaki Shirts who testified before the grand jury would respond to subpoena for the Terzani trial, Arthur Garfield Hays warned him that the defense would insist on proceeding with the trial on the scheduled day, and that if the prosecution was not ready the defense would demand dismissal of the indictment.

The defense committee, in advertising a mass-meeting at which Terzani will put his case before the people of Philadelphia on November 24, charges directly that "Smith is an accessory to murder because he has shielded Fierro's slayer ever since the crime."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The End of Boss Vare

By ALEXANDER KENDRICK

Philadelphia, November 14

PHILADELPHIA'S particular brand of political bossism, upon which even the overlords of Tammany Hall looked with envious eyes, received its deathblow last week at the hands of a citizenry suddenly surprised at the extent of its own power. For the first time in fifty years the City of Brotherly Love went unqualifiedly Democratic at the polls, crushed the strongest Republican machine in the country, and sent into exile its deposed leader, Boss Bill Vare. After the deluge four city-county offices, several places on the bench, ten magistracies, and the city's election machinery were in the hands of the enemy; the Republican Party, discredited and disrupted, was a sad minority faction; the Vare dynasty was at an end after forty-five years of supremacy; and Pennsylvania's sedate citadel of reaction had achieved the primary stage of political development so long denied it—simple partisanship.

Ostensibly it was a fusion movement that defeated Vare, for the victorious candidates—S. Davis Wilson for city controller, WillB (*sic*) Hadley for city treasurer, Charles H. Hersch for county coroner, and Harry V. Dougherty for register of wills—were on the tickets of both the Independent Democratic organization and the Town Meeting Party, composed of anti-Vare Republicans. Actually, of the 75,000 majority by which fusion won, the Town Meeting block supplied only 35,000, so that even without a single Republican vote the Democratic victory would have been clear-cut. How remarkable the overturn was becomes evident when comparison is made with the majority of 293,000 for Coolidge in 1924, of 148,000 for Hoover in 1928, of 70,000 for Hoover last year, and, *mirabile dictu,* of 338,000 for Vare in the 1926 Senate contest. Allowance must also be made for the fraudulent vote Vare's ward leaders turn in for him regularly. This is said to top the 85,000 mark.

Vare himself blames for his defeat the strong Democratic sentiment aroused by the Roosevelt Administration. As he left for his winter home in Florida the day after election, he said wistfully: "Well, I guess I helped to elect the wrong man President when I nominated Hoover." His mahouts, more fatalistic perhaps, simply shrugged their shoulders and said: "When you're licked, you're licked." Without a doubt the swing toward Roosevelt was an important factor in the Philadelphia debacle, but there was more to it than that. A stupidly conducted campaign contributed to the result. Vare has always considered it sufficient to discredit the other side. This time he found that to call his opponents Pinchocrats wasn't enough. But the economic factor was probably most important. Previously, heeding the old axiom that the only good minority was a dead minority, Vare, like his two brothers before him, had controlled the local Democratic organization, such as it was. In return for their purely theoretical opposition the boss Democrats received their share of the spoils and were well content. The State Democratic movement had always been more or less of a joke, and the national one, of course, nothing to speak of during the Harding-Coolidge-Hoover era. With the return of the Democrats to power, however, and with a new economic set-up facing the country, it was inevitable that the old-fashioned, slow-geared Vare machine should feel the effects. Copious oiling of all its parts in the form of jobs, favors, food, and coal is indicated on the first page of the Vare political chapbook. Such a scheme works well when there are jobs. But even the time-tried patience of a Republican ward-heeler begins to fray at the edges when he must face the electorate with nothing to offer but promises.

The alliance that seized upon all these factors to overthrow Vare was made up of Governor Gifford Pinchot, a long-time opponent of Vare; former Mayor Harry A. Mackey, who was Vare's campaign manager in the 1926 Senate campaign; City Controller S. Davis Wilson, arch-enemy of such Vare-approved utilities as the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company; and behind the firing lines, in Washington, Postmaster-General Farley, and in Philadelphia, J. David Stern, publisher of the independent Philadelphia *Record.*

Alone in Philadelphia the *Record* upheld professional ethics during the campaign. It espoused the Democratic cause calmly and confidently, without any tub-thumping, windmill-tilting, or foaming at the mouth such as marked the conduct of its contemporaries. It took the attitude that the facts spoke for themselves, and it is evident that it was not mistaken. The defeat of Vare was only one of the *Record's* victories this year, for on the same day that Vare fell the archaic Sunday blue laws of 1794 were repealed in an uprising fomented by Stern's liberal paper. Also on the same day, across the river in Camden, New Jersey, Stern's *Courier-Post* won a municipal lighting plant by a vote of three to one, despite the powerful opposition of the Public Service Corporation of New Jersey.

Although its circulation is less than one-tenth of that enjoyed by the five Republican newspapers of the city, the *Record,* now representing the majority party, is perhaps the most forceful voice in municipal affairs. The anti-Vare campaign was mapped out in Colonel Stern's own office, and although John B. (Jack) Kelly, one-time champion oarsman, is nominally head of the Democratic organization in the city, Stern is the power behind the throne. Five years ago he was a small-town publisher and the *Record* was a dead and dry-as-dust collection of agate type.

The anti-machine stand of Pinchot seems to be the vogue this year, witness the overthrow of bosses in New York, Boston, Cleveland, and Pittsburgh—action which may influence political behavior for many years to come. It is safe to say that if a Statewide election were held at this moment, Pennsylvania would be in the Democratic column, and if the party can hold its gains until next year the country may be treated to the strange spectacle of a Democratic Governor, a Democratic Senator, a Democratic Congressional delegation and State legislature, and, in Philadelphia, a Democratic City Council and Mayor, the first since 1880.

Pittsburgh saw the Mellon-Coyne machine wrecked, and the first Democratic Mayor since 1905, William M. McNair, elevated to office. Scranton and Lancaster and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

other Republican fortresses also capitulated. The Pittsburgh defeat is seen as the handwriting on the wall for Senator David Aiken Reed, God's gift to the corporations. Until last week he had been conceded reelection, and because of the imminent retirement of the Honorable "Banjo Jim" Davis, with him had been paired none other than Boss Vare himself. It has been the burning ambition of Vare's life to sit in the Senate just once before he died. If he had won this year he would have named the governor next year and received the appointment in exchange. In the present circumstances Governor Pinchot, considerably heartened, will enter the lists himself, either as Republican or Democrat. It makes small difference.

That the election was for Philadelphia a revolution, there can be no doubt; whether it was reform remains to be seen. Aside from the prestige he had so laboriously built up over the past forty years, Vare suffered his greatest loss in the patronage he so prided himself upon. Some 2,000 city and county jobs were lost to him. Unfortunately the young men who succeed him had not counted the last victorious ballot before they were involved in deciding who was to get what job for services rendered, and, curiously, their terminology seemed exactly the same as that of the older, and now perhaps wiser, generation of politicians. At the moment, since the Democrats are not to take over until January 1, this particular problem is a purely academic one. Later it may create the dissension that seems to be the unavoidable concomitant of such largess. Colonel Stern may find it hard to keep his bright young men in check.

Today, a week after the election, the most important result aside from the loosening of the chains seems to be the newly awakened civic and political consciousness of the people at large. The electorate is glorying in a strength it never before knew it possessed. Already a movement is on foot to impeach Mayor J. Hampton Moore for running political errands for Boss Vare and for alleged conspiracy to prevent proper police protection at the polls, in violation of the city charter. The board of education has removed the official who placed it in an embarrassing position by becoming one of the Vare candidates in an attempt to dragoon the school-teacher vote. Rigorous prosecution of election arrests is impending. A plan to merge city and county functions for reasons of economy and efficiency is gaining favor. Tax cuts, trolley-fare cuts, the scrapping of useless jobs, and the modernization of city management are on the horizon.

To the observer familiar with Philadelphia it is obvious that changes such as these do not originate spontaneously. The people are cracking the whip, and it would be hard to say who is the more surprised, the people themselves or those who feel the lash. Considering the city's former Republican tendencies, the Democratic majority is not a very large one, and the pendulum might easily swing back. About 20,000 votes either way carries the balance of power, and in this very condition lies the salvation of the city, for each party must put forward the best and strongest it has. Venality, indecisiveness, and ignorance can defeat either side.

Philadelphia's chief political trouble has been the lack of opposition to Vare. Whatever happens in the future, from the point of view of partisanship, such a state of affairs seems definitely of the past. Any way one chooses to look at it, the passing of Vare, last of the bosses, brings a new era to the City of Brotherly Love.

The Doctor and the Depression

By LOUIS C. JOHNSON

NO official figures have yet appeared telling in dollars and cents just what this period of readjustment has done to the earnings of the doctor of medicine. On request for such information, the American Medical Association, which is the logical source for such data, speaking through Dr. R. G. Leland, director of the Bureau of Medical Economics, stated that no such study had been made. Consequently it has been necessary to resort to a personal survey, which, although suggestive, does not yield actual statistics so much as the reactions of individual doctors.

In the earliest days of the depression there was a tendency on the part of the doctor to conceal the fact that his business had fallen off and that collections were very slow. With the final realization that everyone is in the same boat, the tendency is to swing in the opposite direction and exaggerate the lack of both business and money. A doctor writing from a small city in the coal-mining regions of Pennsylvania sums up the matter very neatly. "If I ask," he writes, "one of my medical friends how much he is collecting, he will probably say that he hasn't taken in a dollar in the past month—his idea being to put me off with a good-natured lie. . . . The doctors are neither more nor less prosperous than the communities in which they practice. . . . None of the larger banks of J—— are yet fully open; Dr.——, one of the oldest and best-known physicians, lost his home because of bank closure; Dr.——, once a wealthy man, died a few months ago in poverty, carried down by signing notes; I had to hand over $1,000 in cash because I owned ten shares in one of the two P—— banks which failed." And then further, "In spite of the coal business the young doctors in the small towns are doing better than the young doctors here in J——. Their expenses are lower."

If you take a region in which not coal but corn, wheat, cotton, tobacco, steel, or some other industry dominates, you get an almost identical report. The older and established doctors put their money into banks, or played with stocks, or invested unwisely, but even though they found themselves relieved of these assets, their real ones were not touched. To quote from an address to a graduating class of medical students, delivered in June of this year by Dr. Harold Rypins, secretary of the Board of Medical Examiners for New York:

> In the first place it is obvious that the physician's situation is not worse but better than that of the general public. The physician is always an individualist operating with the minimum reference to and interference from the social-economic machinery; and his services, much less than those of the mechanic, the advertising expert, or even the banker, are absolutely essential. Babies are always being

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

born, children are always catching the measles, adolescents are always acquiring rheumatic fever, the middle-aged always have their share of diabetes, the old suffer heart-failure, and all of them want the doctor—in a hurry. Most of the sufferers are willing to the best of their ability to pay the doctor for his assistance, and are reasonably grateful to boot. . . . Again, the doctor's capital is one which can never be wiped out in Wall Street—his scientific education, his experience, and his reputation for integrity are permanent and invaluable assets. Neither can he suffer from complete unemployment, though his remuneration may be slow and incomplete.

Wishing to obtain some actual figures, I sought information from a man who has taken to collecting bills for doctors. He is not the usual kind of collector, but a well-educated man who approaches his problems through figures. He used to sell dictionaries until people became more interested in bread than diction, and he always knew how many sales he could expect in a certain region from a study of the economic data of the place. I consulted him with the idea that he might supply some really heart-breaking facts about the doctor's distress. Here are the figures he supplied. It has been generally believed that the total annual cost for medical care in this country is approximately $3,000,000,000. It is asserted, also that about a third of this cost goes to the doctor for his services. If there are 150,000 practicing physicians (the number is actually nearer 140,000), the average earnings of each amount to $6,666. More detailed figures on doctors' earnings, based on data for the year 1928, a time when money came and went easily, were published by the American Medical Association in 1931. Dr. Leland made the study; and analysis of 6,328 complete answers which came to him shows that the average gross earnings of the doctor in the day of prosperity were from $6,500 to $7,499. Of the total number of doctors who replied, 15 had an income of less than $500, 230 an income of from $2,500 to $3,500, and 35 an income of approximately $30,000. Eleven per cent earned from $4,500 to $5,000, and 20 per cent earned less than $4,500. These figures represent gross earnings, and a gross income of $5,000 in New York represents a net income of $2,618; a gross of $30,000 means a net of $19,516. The poorest-paid men of the group were those on a salary—teachers, research workers, and those employed in public-health work, hospitals, or industrial fields—but the members of this group, although they had the lowest gross income, had a larger net, since the organization which paid the salary provided the place in which the doctor worked. The average general practitioner earned more than the professors who had taught him.

It is evident that the first figures, which would give the doctor, in 1932, an income several times larger than the earnings of his average patient, come very close to his gross income in 1928, when the flow of money was fast and free. The discrepancy will be found in the first figure of the total annual cost of medical care. Nothing like $3,000,000,000 was spent in the year 1932 for medical care, or if it was, the doctor did not get his usual 33⅓ per cent. No doctor, unless he was on a salary, earned as much in that year as in 1928, and the drop in income has been anywhere from 15 to 50 per cent. Doctors who have specialized have suffered the greatest decreases—the $30,000-a-year men, who formerly occupied splendid quarters, with laboratories, a corps of technicians, secretaries, chauffeurs, and cars, and in addition large social obligations. With the drop in earnings many of these accessories have been eliminated; the specialist now works with less help, and he is willing to take very much less for his services. The doctor in more modest surroundings has also had to retrench. With both the fall in income has been due to three main reasons: fewer patients seek them for consultation; of those who come a larger proportion have no money to pay for services; and those who can and will pay have to defer payment for varying lengths of time.

Perhaps one of the most remarkable reversals that the depression has brought about is the position of the doctor on a salary. In the days of prosperity he occupied the lowest rung so far as income was concerned, and he must often have looked with envy upon his classmate in private practice. In this period of depression only the salaried doctor of all his kind can feel any degree of security; his salary, even though subject to a cut, has seemed to increase with the drop in retail prices, and for the first time he finds himself envied for purely financial reasons. It will be interesting to see if the feeling of security derived from a fixed income will have enough weight with the doctors in practice and those emerging from the medical schools to act as a wedge to split the front of opposition to socialized medicine. The effect of the depression is like that of a very small firecracker compared to the bomb which this idea, as it was presented, for example, by the recent report on the Costs of Medical Care, exploded in the camp of the doctors.

Whatever the future holds for the doctor in these matters, neither the possibility of socialized medicine nor the depression has brought the applications for admission to medical schools below the capacity of the institutions for students. In 1932 there were 12,280 applicants for admission, of which number 7,357 were accepted. The ratio of applicants to admissions in the three years before the depression was nearly 2 to 1. This means that doctors are still being graduated at the rate of from 5,000 to 6,000 a year, nearly double the number graduated a decade ago. Since annually there are only about 3,000 deaths among doctors, the number practicing has constantly increased; it has been pointed out that no other country has as many doctors per capita as the United States. Dr. Willard C. Rappleye, director of study of the Commission of Medical Education, which also made its final report this year, warns very definitely "of the dangers that must result if the production of doctors is not drastically curtailed."

The medical colleges and the hospitals with which they are associated have been in real straits. Members of the teaching staff in all of them have taken salary cuts, and appointments which would have been made in other years have been withheld. Many students who entered in the years 1930-32 have found themselves unable to pay the tuition, and the schools have had this extra financing to do—they have at least in many cases permitted the student to finish the school year and come to a good halting place. The quality of medical education itself has not been lowered, although there have been necessary retrenchments in all departments. Economy has been most noticeable in the money available for laboratories and research work, and the depression will have served a good purpose if it brings out in definite figures the amount of money which has previously been idly spent for this purpose. For research is of two varieties; inspired and otherwise. Inspired research gives a new concept of disease, as,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for example, the work of Pasteur did, or a new substance, such as insulin. But thousands of dollars have been wasted on the other kind of research, which, while its results may be interesting, achieves little of vital importance.

The tendency of the doctor toward specialization has been much discussed. The Committee on the Costs of Medical Care, while it recognized that the specialist is the natural consequence of medical education as it is carried on these days, and that certain men are by nature equipped to do certain things better than others, condemned wholesale specialization, particularly because of the evils which have sprung up around it. Maurice Lever in Bulletin No. 24 of the committee's report says: "The overdevelopment of specialism with the attendant use of the sliding scale and fee-splitting is commonly believed to have increased costs excessively." Fee-splitting "has been called into prominence by competition among specialists" and "encourages unnecessary and expensive, not to say harmful, treatment." Very much more might be said of the practice, but no good word. The specialist is now operating on the lower notes of his sliding scale, but he still charges the banker more than the baker. The doctor has always adjusted his fee to the ability of the patient to pay, and if left to his own devices he probably always will do so. The decline in fees from the upper register to the lower ought to do more to remedy these evils than any amount of legislation. The specialist has already become less special in his practices, and the pseudo-specialist must revert to general work.

The year 1933, then, finds the doctor very much depressed as far as finances go. In the rural regions, particularly in the South and West, he has had a bitter time. But his education and experience have taught him to endure; his original large investment of both time and money, his late start on his career, his struggle to establish himself, his not too ample earnings have acquainted him with privation. His life is one of constant adjustment to situations and people, and by habit in crucial moments he must formulate solutions and bring about their consummations. He is no business man; he never collects more than 80 per cent of the money he earns, and his savings are the quarry of every sort of swindler. But still he survives, and what to the business man are his weaknesses are in fact the essence of his strength.

Contributors to This Issue

LUDWIG LORE, formerly editor of the New York *Volkszeitung,* has recently returned from Germany.

HUBERT HERRING is the executive director of the Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America.

JOHN NICHOLAS BEFFEL reported the Sacco-Vanzetti and Centralia trials for the labor press.

ALEXANDER KENDRICK is a Philadelphia newspaperman.

LOUIS C. JOHNSON, a practicing physician, is professor of medicine at the Long Island College of Medicine.

FLORENCE CODMAN is a regular contributor of reviews to *The Nation.*

WILLIAM MACDONALD contributes historical and political reviews to *The Nation* and other periodicals.

RICHARD MCKEON is the editor and translator of "Selections from Medieval Philosophers."

In the Driftway

WHAT would you do, gentle reader, if you were twenty-four-years old and your father gave you a full-fledged Western river steamboat as a Christmas present? Probably you wouldn't know what to do at all, but a young Pittsburgher to whom this happened in 1925 knew exactly. For he had grown up along the Ohio River, had been dreaming steamboats since he was a boy, and had been working on them for half a dozen years. With boundless enthusiasm, energy, and pluck he set out to put the Betsy Ann on a paying basis in the trade between Pittsburgh and Cincinnati. He fought ice and flood and repair bills, and too many competitors—and won. But he could not win against dwindling cargo, and after seven years gave up the fight and sold the Betsy "down the river"—where she came from. It was like the parting of a small boy from his pet dog.

* * * * *

BUT it was a great adventure while it lasted. For the steamboat is a peculiarly American institution. It has never meant to any other country what it did to America for the fifty middle years of the nineteenth century. The steamboat on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers changed the United States from an inconsequential group of European settlements on the Atlantic seaboard to a continental nation. Our clipper ships and "blubber hunters" wrote great epics too, but in tradition and technique they followed the world pattern—molded chiefly by England. A good sailor was—and is—equally at home on an American, English, French, or Norwegian ship. The Mississippi and Ohio river steamboat created its own tradition and technique, its own atmosphere and vocabulary. What does a deep-water sailor know of guards or boiler decks, of the fantail or the Texas cabin? How would he ever guess that the top of the smokestack—not the old-fashioned fluted sort, but the later kind that looks like a spittoon—is called a pudding? The Western river steamboat looks like a birthday cake, consisting mostly of frosting and curlicues, but it has created a solid segment of Americana—the joint contribution of the white frontiersman and the Southern Negro—which survives in almost its original quality, though in pitifully diminished quantity, to this day.

* * * * *

OUR young Pittsburgher succeeded to this inheritance, gulping it down with voracity and relish, and now that the decks of the Betsy Ann have slipped from under him, he has paused to record his experiences from "mud clerk" to first-class pilot in the only book* on the subject by an actual participant that the Drifter knows of since Mark Twain. Nor is it an unworthy successor to the writings of that master. Mr. Way has some of the same gift of picturesque vocabulary and humorous exaggeration—a welcome change from our recent overdose of "wisecracks." He feels and sees the river with the soul of an amateur and puts it into pages of hearty, robust pilot-house talk that are rich in reality and succulent in flavor. Mr. Way pays an eloquent tribute to the Betsy's mellifluous chime whistle, which some people

* "The Log of the Betsy Ann." By Frederick Way, Jr. Robert M. McBride and Company. $2.75.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thought "not unlike a nightingale," and to a steamboat's dinner bell when rung by a colored boy. "He makes it talk, he makes it sing. It says 'Come to dinnah! De soup's steamin' hot! De chicken's in de pot!'" When the mate, in loading the Betsy Ann, reached the point of "hollering enough," you could depend on it "a dog couldn't go aboard and wag his tail anywhere from the forecastle to the fantail without knocking it on something on *both sides,*" while at the sound of the departure bell there would be a plaintive wail from a roustabout handling last-minute freight. "'O-o-o-o-h!' he would cry, much like a dog baying at the moon. 'O-o-o-o-h! Betsy's 'bout to go-o-o-o!'" The description of the recalcitrant cow which lay down in front of the landing stage but was put vibrantly on all fours by the mate—who poured a few drops of water in her ear—is a gem, while through his pages Mr. Way injects such homely wisdom as "A good boatman will never take the top slice of bread. . . . He reaches *under* and gets the next one in the deck; the top piece is merely a roof for flies to land on."

* * * * *

A JOYOUS and exhilarating book, this, though a little sad at the end for those who, like Mr. Way and the Drifter, love boats with a religious fervor. But the Drifter cherishes a sentimental hope that when this era of hurry and ugliness has had its cycle, we shall return to our most beautiful highways, the rivers, to be bewitched once more by that lovely lady who dances over them without wetting more than the hem of her skirt—the steamboat.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Funds for Terzani

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Be good enough to let us make a last-minute appeal to your readers for funds for the defense of Athos Terzani, who goes on trial November 27 on the charge of murdering his comrade Anthony Fierro at a Khaki Shirts meeting. Our treasury is appallingly low, and we must meet a great deal of expense before and during the trial. Investigation must be carried on up to the last minute so that no scrap of evidence in Terzani's favor may be overlooked, and publicity must be kept streaming out far and wide if we are to free our accused friend.

Contributions should be sent to me at 94 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

New York, November 16 HERBERT MAHLER,
Treasurer Terzani Defense Committee

A Correction

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In my article The Russian Revolution Goes On, which appears in *The Nation* for November 22, I spoke of this year as an "off year." This was not correct. The second Five-Year Plan actually commenced on January 1, 1933, but the plan itself has not yet been published, and will probably not be published until early in 1934. The performances of 1933 will be included in it.

Moscow, November 10 LOUIS FISCHER

What Do Critics Read?

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I have just been reading your symposium, Books I Have Never Read. Now I know for sure why contemporary literary criticism is so terrible; why books which have neither style nor content of any worth are hailed as masterpieces, and authors of no importance are enrolled among the immortals!

Is it not plain? Our critics have never read anything really great, and thus are totally ignorant of standards.

New York, November 1 JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

What Do Critics Not Read?

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Some books I have never read:

Carl Van Doren's, Harry Hansen's, Branch Cabell's, Ernest Boyd's, H. L. Mencken's, Burton Rascoe's, George Jean Nathan's, Ellen Glasgow's.

Which means nothing, that I know of. But in that respect it is not inferior to your symposium.

Melrose, Mass., November 9 ROY GRIFFITH

A Word from the "Martins"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Congratulations on the article Buy Now—on $30 a Week. At last one of "my kind" has spoken. I have followed the pages of *The Nation* all through the depression with great interest and sympathy as story after story has been unfolded about the unemployed and the hardships endured by this group and that group. I and my crowd are members of the "Martin" families. Some of us make more and some less than your Mr. "Martin." But the "Martins," as I know them, have an added burden that was not mentioned in your article.

They are supporting from one to three families—close relations—whom they must "see through." Sometimes these poor relations have come to live with them. If the "Martins" should suddenly release these dependents on the public, what a cry for federal aid would go up from local relief committees! But of course, since they are our own people, we "Martins" go on uncomplainingly, getting poorer and poorer and less and less able to comply with "Buy Now" slogans.

We are constantly reminded that we are "fortunate" to have a job. This is true, but perhaps some day another "Martin" will burst into print suggesting that among those who should receive consideration in recovery plans are the "Martin" families who are carrying relatives worse off than they are on very thin pay envelopes.

Far Rockaway, N. Y., November 1 "A MARTIN"

To Bronx Readers

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Will Bronx men interested in joining a small discussion group that has no axes to grind and takes up any topic that is agreeable to an intelligent man, age average thirty years, please write to me at 750 Montgomery Avenue, New York. I may add that all of us are readers and ardent admirers of *The Nation.*

New York, November 6 WILLIAM N. JOSEPHS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books, Films, Music

You Eyes

By MARK VAN DOREN

You eyes, forever west of afternoon,
And oh, you setting-sun-descended hair,
Make every day of absence die more soon
Than minutes, that it may be evening there
Forever, shadeless eyes,
Wherein all distance dies.

Forever be the hour that is the end,
The hour that blackens daytime and the grass.
O eyes, it is the moment when you send
Hither most heat, as through a burning-glass;
Hither excessive light,
Love's lie against the night.

Be always spicy evening, my love's mind,
Contracting to yourself the deaths of roses.
Gather into an instant every kind
Of fragrance that the waste of time incloses,
Letting the long world shrink
Into one drop; and drink.

Today

Karl and the Twentieth Century. By Rudolf Brunngraber. William Morrow and Company. $2.50.

NO matter how well known a fable may be, when it is repeated in a new idiom its moral seems to gather a fresh force. This sort of illumination Rudolf Brunngraber has given to the old rhyme about the spider and the fly, and given it in such a thoroughly modern and terribly explicit way that it is no empty compliment to say that it will probably never be better done for this generation.

The unwary victim in the novel is Karl Lakner, the son of a street-car conductor of Vienna, born just in time to serve through the World War, escaping death in it only to suffer the full consequences of the peace and to disappear anonymously thirteen years later from among Vienna's starving unemployed. Yet such is the import of the book that while the name is Lakner, there but by the grace of very slight odds go you or I. For the sly, old, tireless spinner wears at times the face of Frederick W. Taylor, the American originator of scientific business management, or of Edward, called the Peacemaker; at times the aspect of the elder Rockefeller, at others that of Clemenceau, or of a nameless Viennese professor. The web, of course, is this gigantic and sinister complexity, the modern world, a world no longer consisting of merely earth, sky, sea, and man, but of natural resources, of monopolies to develop, control, and exploit every known or invented article for life and commerce, of monopolies to rationalize monopolies, of spheres of influence, a world in which man has lost all identity except that of a statistic.

Attempts have been made before by novelists to erect this new background for their characters by interrupting the narrative with odd excerpts from newspaper headlines, broadcasts, or public statements by leading citizens, but Brunngraber does more than that—he actually makes his data as integral a part of his narrative as the record of Karl's life. Figures and facts constitute three-fourths of the material in the book. They not only create the setting, they explain Karl's fate; they are used for transitions, for contrast, for implication, and toward the end their number, variety, and incoherence actually make a thundering, preposterous crescendo leading up to the pitiful climax. Often they are the narrative. So the page estimating the cost of the war in lost benefactions to mankind serves as a link in the plot and is as exciting as the description of Karl's single-handed battle against six Italian planes. The plain statement of the reasons why the petition of the famine-stricken mothers of Russia was never published is as necessary to the story as is the account of Karl's last desperate struggle in the professor's house to save his identity.

Even more to this young Austrian's credit as a novelist than this technical skill is the lucid, slightly ironic detachment he shows toward his material. He has no theory to argue or defend. He makes simple and admirably clear analyses but they intend to say no more than "this is what determined Karl's life." Although he has enmeshed Karl as deeply in his era as possible, he has allowed him little insight into his environment. Of most of the facts Karl himself is ignorant, and of the significance of what is happening to him he is unaware until the very end. Karl asks only to be a district school teacher and to have a cottage for his wife and child. His tragedy is to live in the twentieth century and to be superfluous in it.

As long as a pattern of human life follows the graph drawn by wars and economic booms and depressions, up-to-date novels will doubtlessly continue to use it as their theme, but no other book just like this should be necessary until another cycle has swung up, over, and down upon us—assuming that it must. In Karl's story the chief social trend of the early part of this century is indelibly written. At the inquest a prostitute furnishes the only account of his suicide. Individual significance could scarcely be more effectively obliterated.

This is a first novel. FLORENCE CODMAN

History Is Not All Biography

The Edwardian Era. By André Maurois. Translated by Hamish Miles. D. Appleton-Century Company. $3.

M. MAUROIS'S book is a good illustration of the danger which lurks for a biographer who essays to write history. "I should like to make it clear," he warns the reader in his preface, "that it was not my intention to write a life of King Edward," yet he devotes one of his nine chapters, after another on Queen Victoria in the closing years of her reign, to the life of Edward as Prince of Wales and the personal peculiarities of his nephew the Kaiser, and the larger part of his final chapter to Edward's last days and death. Between these two chapters he returns to his main subject, and for long reaches of the narrative Edward hardly appears at all, but the biographical interest again asserts itself, a third of the way through the book, in a series of portraitures of Salisbury, Balfour, Chamberlain, Harcourt, Rosebery, Asquith, Grey, and others, and later in a pen portrait of Lloyd George. The historical portions of the book, moreover, are largely occupied with the doings of prime ministers and diplomats, including liberal attention to the ideas and projects of the German Emperor.

All this is not to say that M. Maurois has chosen a wrong title for his book; on the contrary, he tells a good deal about the Edwardian era, and tells it, as usual with him, quite agreeably. The trouble is that his conception of history appears to be predominantly biographical. What is more, it is predominantly political. It is true, as M. Maurois himself might prop-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

erly urge, that the events of the era were largely concerned with the schemes and acts of political personalities, and that in a parliamentary government the policies of a prime minister or a foreign secretary are likely to be the pivots about which important events revolve. In this sense a historical narrative cannot avoid paying considerable attention to the characters and associations of the men whom the ups and downs of politics brought temporarily to power. What one misses in M. Maurois's book is an exposition of the origins or course of political movements to which personal tags cannot easily be attached, as clear and vivid as are his sketches and appraisals of the individuals who directed the movements or went officially along with them. M. Maurois's remarks about men, and in a few instances about women, are clever, lively, and sensible, but when he turns to general matters his grip relaxes and his step at times seems heavy.

What is not political or personal in the Edwardian era, accordingly, gets from M. Maurois little more than a passing glance of recognition. He does not, of course, fail to say something about "social and economic conditions," the fateful topic which few historians now dare omit but which fewer handle with success; but he begins his chapter on Home Affairs Under Liberalism with a reference to the general election of 1906 and some comments upon Lloyd George, follows these with accounts of Haldane's army reforms and Fisher's plans for the navy, devotes eleven pages to such "causes of social transformation" as the changes in English social classes, the growth of transportation and the popular press, working-class activities, and "the evolution of ideas," and escapes, with what one suspects is a feeling of relief, into fifteen pages of comment upon H. G. Wells, Galsworthy, Arnold Bennett, the English theater, and the suffragettes, before falling back upon politics with an account of Asquith and the 1910 budget.

Personalities being M. Maurois's strong point, it is in that direction that the principal interest of his book will be found. He is by no means ineffective, however, in treating the international course of Germany during the period, the formation of the Anglo-French entente, the harmonizing influence of Edward in domestic as well as foreign political situations, the growth of political liberalism in England, and the gathering cloud of war. The summary statement of the principles of Conservative foreign policy at the beginning of Chapter V could not be better done, and the comments and reflections that crop out frequently in the story are thoughtful as well as keen. The book will prove informing and enjoyable reading if, as has lately been said of the gold standard, one does not expect too much.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

A Great Pioneer

Junípero Serra. By Agnes Repplier. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

MISS REPPLIER has written of missionary and pioneering priests and nuns before in her books "Père Marquette" and "Mère Marie." But no figure is more in need of so sympathetic a biographer than Junípero Serra, the Majorcan friar who founded and fostered many of the Franciscan missions in California. Serra's life is so quiet, it was led so far from the known world of his time, that only historians of the Pacific Coast have been concerned with it. And Miss Repplier has had to piece her story together from the diaries and letters of the Franciscan friars, from the correspondence of viceroys and visitadores, and from the casual comments of contemporaries. The whole must have been a labor of love. The biography is written with tenderness; the days of the friar are interpreted with complete understanding of their significance to the man himself. Serra's simple faith, his perfect realization of the character of the Indians in his country, his naively superstitious and yet stubbornly logical mind, his saint-like endurance of hardship, the triumph in him always of the spirit over the very frail and diseased flesh, are all, for Miss Repplier, the stuff of which great religious pioneers are made. She presents Father Serra to her readers as the quietly dramatic hero he was, a hero who never felt himself to be a martyr, who believed in himself and his work, and who accepted death, gladly, when that work was done.

Cortés had sent soldiers to California in 1533. Three years later he had come there himself, bringing no happiness to the land. He believed the country contained gold but he found no evidence of it. Drake had come there, too, and had been able to take back to his Queen as a gift only an Indian headdress. In 1602 Spain again reached out for California. Later, when government money ran out, the Jesuits, supported by the Pious Fund, took over the exploration and settlement of the peninsula. They entered Lower California in 1697 and toiled for seventy years, moving always northward, until Charles III banished them from Spain and Spanish colonies. They left, commanding the Indians to wait for the Franciscans. The Indians did not wait, but fled back into the hills.

Junípero Serra, growing up in Majorca and aware of the religious history of his country, was fired with religious zeal. When in 1749 his prayers were heard and he was sent to Mexico, he went sure that he was going into the work he was meant to do. He was, at this time, thirty-six. Landing in Vera Cruz he insisted on walking to Mexico City. On the way he was bitten by a snake and consequently was lame the rest of his life. Nor was he satisfied to dwell in a rich city. He left there happily to be missionary to the Pames Indians. A few years, and the missionary work in Mexico became too simple for Serra. He wished to go into completely new countries to carry the Word of God. Finally, because Spain became afraid that Russia would colonize California if she did not, Serra's wish was granted. He was sent to Lower California. He kept a diary of his journey from Mexico to that country. On the way he was taken ill, but he would not be left behind. He writes of the Indians, of their customs, of their lack of clothes. He writes of his affection for them. He always got along with these *gentiles,* and counseled gentleness toward them. No matter what they did, like spoiled and frightened children, he concluded the matter by saying: "God bless them as well for the service they have given, as for the loss they inflict upon us."

The story continues, sometimes tragically, sometimes humorously. Serra was left alone to found the mission of San Diego. Others in the expedition started out to find Monterey. They were the first white men to see the Bay of San Francisco, but they did not, at first, find Monterey. Serra, recognizing all the obstacles and believing in his ideas, worked to build his first mission and to Christianize the Indians around San Diego. He writes of the beauty of the country. He mentions laconically the tremendous difficulties and the time involved in getting supplies. He preaches as if he were delivering the very words of God. The Indians considered him a saint. His work done in one mission he moved on to another—San Francisco de Asis, San Juan Capistrano, San Carlos, San Luis Obispo, San Antonio, Santa Clara. At the end of Serra's long life the California coast was dotted with the Franciscan missions, not too great a distance apart, at last, for travel.

Junípero Serra's story is a great pioneer's story, but the spiritual intensity that motivated all that he did, his religious faith in the face of every difficulty and danger, are the most interesting factors in his character. Miss Repplier's biography is a character study rather than a biography. She has very beautifully interpreted the Franciscan and those like him.

EDA LOU WALTON

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Adorned with History

Peter Abelard. By Helen Waddell. Henry Holt. $2.50.

THE virtues of Miss Waddell's version of the romance of Abelard and Heloise may be stated simply: her story is told in a sensitive allusive prose, and for ornamentation she draws on a broad erudition in medieval literature. These virtues give distinction and a recurrent charm to a book in which the virtues are defects. It is no caricature of Miss Waddell's method as a novelist to say that it consists in translating distinctive pages of medieval literature into excellent English and then giving them to characters to read, think, write, lecture upon, converse about. The fate of Abelard and Heloise is unfolded in the midst of genuine medieval references. Only the characters lack anchorage in time or place: Miss Waddell has given their history without clarifying their motives, and the accuracy of allusion and the careful style contribute little toward rounding their story to a new and classic form. One is tempted, therefore, to defend the Palatine Peripatetic from the sweetness and decency of this version of his story by paraphrasing Aristotle: it is not the function of the novelist to relate what has happened, but what may happen—what is possible according to the laws of probability or necessity. Miss Waddell has arranged her sources and rewritten them delicately. She has written poetically; she has written history in verse; but she has not written the poem of the tragedy and love of a scholar.

What is worse, Miss Waddell's use of the liberties of a novelist has made her poetry a verbal, and often inappropriate, adornment of a history which is bad for its poetic licenses. An example of Miss Waddell's method of furnishing body and background to her narrative will illustrate both faults. In her quest for poetic materials to work into the mosaic of her book, Miss Waddell could not pass by Bernard Sylvester, a contemporary of Abelard, who composed, in a work called "De Universitate Mundi," a story of the creation of the world told in alternating sections of striking poetry and strange neoplatonic prose. To the novelist it is unimportant that Bernard's work was probably written as much as thirty years after the events here narrated; it is important, however, that materials from it be used appropriately and in character. In Miss Waddell's novel Abelard and Heloise, on their way back to Paris from Brittany, stop at Tours to hear Bernard lecture. Surprisingly, that lecture turns out to be a portion of Bernard's book, poetry and all. It is high poetic material for the classroom, medieval or modern, and for five pages it is set forth in breathless prose. Bernard shudders; his shortsighted eyes wander over the blur of young, bewildered faces; seeing Abelard, "suddenly he strung himself, as if he had met the challenge of the eyes burning in the shadow of the door"; and when he finished, "he swayed a moment, then dropped on his seat, his arm along the desk in front of him, his eyes closed." Like most of the historical allusions, the pages from Bernard's book do nothing to further the story, even by the creation of a mood. Like most of the situations, his lecture is so constantly vibrant with the nervous attention of at least one of the characters that there are no greater intensities for great moments.

Notwithstanding the scholarly virtues to which her book tends, Miss Waddell has chosen to tell a simple romantic story which is feminine in its outlook and modern in its emotional values. Philosophers and theologians have generally fared badly in modern fiction: Miss Waddell's Peter Abelard, like Virginia Woolf's Mr. Ramsay, is the philosopher chiefly by the report of the author and the characters. The excitement of his thought is not recreated by translating appropriate documents. Moreover, it does not enter Miss Waddell's purpose to go behind the story as Abelard himself told it or to present the complex contradictions in the judgments of the scholar ridden by convictions of persecution while he wrote the history of his calamities. But if the simple romance of Peter Abelard is to be told, one may regret that Miss Waddell did not simplify her narrative down to the lines of a medieval *conte.* Instead, she used the scholarly technique which was so successful in her "Wandering Scholars." For those who would read a simple love story there is such a story, and for those who would like a taste of the Middle Ages there are fluent references and versions without the rigidity and dryness of an anthology.

RICHARD MCKEON

Creative Anthologist

Creative America: An Anthology. Chosen and Edited by Ludwig Lewisohn. Harper and Brothers. $4.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN'S long exile, now happily coming to its end, has not been the handicap it must sometimes have seemed to him to be during the heavy months of his work on American literature. The enormous difficulty of getting at his materials in Paris can be appreciated only by a few seasoned literary historians and anthologists. But in scholarship, as in art, nothing matters except the actual achievement. The effort is the scholar's or artist's own affair. Whatever Mr. Lewisohn may have had to pay in routine labor for his exile has been made up for by the advantage in perspective which exile has given him. In "Creative America," as in the recent "Expression in America," he commands his theme with a detachment, at once exacting and generous, which even for him would scarcely have been possible if he had been as much involved as most of his contemporaries are in the critical arguments at present going on in the United States.

His anthology is a supplement to his history, the illustration of his doctrine. He has undertaken to display in a single volume "the ultimate effort and highest exercise of the American spirit," acting upon the conviction "that the creative expression of the American people has never been esteemed at its true value because it has never been exhibited in its totality nor viewed with severity of taste by any previous anthologist, nor organized by any according to certain significant moods in the spiritual temper in the nation." "I dare to say that it is a beautiful and stirring book, a book that Americans may contemplate not without pride and satisfaction, since even its feebler and more eccentric pages bear witness to the profound reality, the increasing spiritual density, the growing articulateness of American civilization."

Mr. Lewisohn's principles of selection are the same in his anthology as they were in his history. He surveys the field in its totality and with severity, demanding everywhere "veracity of substance with probity of texture." In organization his supplementary volume follows its predecessor, using the same chapter-divisions. Various writers whom in his treatise he mentioned only to dismiss find, however, no place in his exhibition, and he half-apologizes because the principle of organization forced him, he felt, to include "the unbelievably shoddy Bret Harte and the knowing and vulgar O. Henry." Emerson, presented primarily as an aphorist, is given more space than any other single writer. In a second group, as to space, are Hawthorne, Henry James, Poe, and Mark Twain; and in a third, Willa Cather, Dreiser, Hergesheimer, Howells, Sinclair Lewis, Lewisohn, Melville, Mencken, O'Neill, Thoreau, and Whitman. Besides these there are a hundred or so more, systematically moving in an intelligible procession.

If "Creative America" is an act of faith, so is it a work of art, and for that reason more provocative of debate as to its inclusions and exclusions, its liberalities and its snubs, than a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

plain, dull, academic compilation would be. But no disagreements among the specialists should keep general readers from the knowledge that Mr. Lewisohn offers them the most exciting anthology of the whole of American literature that has ever been made.

CARL VAN DOREN

The Undeclared War in the East

Far Eastern Front. By Edgar Snow. Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. $3.75.

A History of the Far East in Modern Times. By Harold M. Vinacke. F. S. Crofts and Company. $6.

OF the fifteen or more important books dealing with the Far East that have been published since the Japanese launched their latest imperialistic drive on the Asiatic mainland two years ago, none seems to me quite so intelligent and readable as Edgar Snow's "Far Eastern Front." Mr. Snow is an aggressive newspaper correspondent who is also an exceptionally able writer. He is painstaking with his facts. His writings show a balanced judgment. At the same time he has a fine sense of the dramatic.

"Far Eastern Front," the first full-length portrait of the undeclared war in Manchuria and Mongolia, is something more, however, than an excellent piece of objective reporting. Objectivity in journalism is a commendable quality, but all too often it leads to blind, unreasoning acceptance of deceptive facts and false suppositions. Mr. Snow has gone beyond objectivity, or at least has coupled with it intelligent study of the history and of the political and social aspects of his subject. Especially has he sought to penetrate and understand the mentality of the Eastern peoples. In consequence he has given us a convincing picture, an account of warfare, that satisfies us much more than would a plain recital of surface facts.

Mr. Snow begins by sketching briefly the historic background both of the Manchurian "problem" and of Japanese militarism. He examines the famous "Tanaka Memorial," which Chinese students contend was a frank and detailed proposal for the conquest of Manchuria and Mongolia which was presented to the Emperor of Japan by the late Baron Tanaka in 1927. The Japanese have denounced the "Memorial" as a crude and obvious forgery. Mr. Snow reveals that whether or not the "Memorial" ever actually existed, the Japanese have followed the detailed plan of conquest exactly as set forth in the Chinese version of that document. The author goes on to analyze personalities: in Manchuria, the bandit Chang Tso-ling and his son and successor, Chang Hsueh-liang; in Japan, the three conspirators, Shigeru Honjo, Sadao Araki, and Jiro Minami, and the Japanese spy, Colonel Kenzom Dohihara, who knew more about the Chinese and their ways than did the Chinese rulers themselves. The narration of the events of September 18, 1931, when an explosion on the right of way of the South Manchuria Railway set in motion the forces that led to the subjugation of Manchuria, is doubtless the most damning indictment of Japanese sincerity and purpose yet published. Whereas the Lytton Commission's report made out an extraordinarily strong circumstantial case against the Japanese, Mr. Snow's study of the facts reveals that it is utterly impossible for the affair of September 18 to have been anything but premeditated from beginning to end. Indeed, so smoothly and with such accurate timing was the Japanese program carried out that it must have been planned down to the last detail many weeks in advance.

The attempt of General Ma to stem the Japanese tide, the "mopping up" in Manchuria, the horrible and senseless slaughter at Shanghai are graphically recorded. The descriptions of the mad plan of a Japanese admiral to break the Chinese boycott by force of arms, and of the valiant resistance of the 19th Route Army to the Japanese incursion at Shanghai, are especially good. While "Far Eastern Front" of necessity deals largely with the hypocrisy and the high-handed tactics of the Japanese militarists, it does not ignore the Chinese war lords. Their self-seeking and numerous villainies are set forth at length. Rather than face a superior foreign foe they send armies against the Communist peasants in Central China. They engage in civil war when they believe they will win, and surrender to the enemy—for a price—when they think they will lose. They invite rivals to sumptuous banquets, and murder them when the meal is done.

Dr. Vinacke's formidable volume brings up to date his earlier work published in 1928 under the same title. The revised edition carries the history of the Far East through Japan's undeclared war. This work is of the nature of a textbook. Nevertheless, it provides the average reader with a sober and well-rounded study of Far Eastern affairs during the last hundred years.

MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

The Lesser Heine

Heine. By Ludwig Marcuse. Farrar and Rinehart. $3.

AGAIN it is the lesser Heine that is revealed in a biography. Six years have passed since Lewis Browne's "That Man Heine" appeared, and now we have a translation of Ludwig Marcuse's narrative, appropriately subtitled to catch the eye "A Life Between Love and Hate." The temptation to write another life of Heine is great, for the difficult task seems easy—look, here's a large figure cut to order! It is Heine, the inverted German patriot in Paris, the very Jewish, yet often anti-Semitic Jew, the embittered genius dying on a couch of six mattresses, writing with the spontaneity of a young man in the first flush of his talent. This is more exciting than fiction; one has only to set down the facts. What is more, very nearly every phase of his life presents an attractive paradox. But having given us the contradictions, his biographers are somewhat at a loss to find an element of unity in his character, and so far they have failed to show exactly how this inconstant, self-betraying person actually wrote poetry. Theirs is very like the effort to recite the story of Byron's clubfoot and Keats's consumption, forgetting the number of individuals who had had like afflictions and written no poetry at all.

We must accept, I think, Matthew Arnold's observation that Heine was very little of a hero. If we are to consider his character at all, we must apply its contradictions to the more general problems of a race or a particular status in modern society and then relate them to Heine's ideas and poetry. I offer this as a mere suggestion, for it is then only that the so-called "facts" of his life become relevant to his work. Mr. Browne contented himself with a species of bright, Sunday-feature journalism; Herr Marcuse gives us material of a heavier sort, revealing in general the same factual—or legendary—information, with large chunks of undigested history thrown in for good measure. The fact that both biographies are examples of shameless Heine-worship is scarcely a defense for the poet whose name they profess to glorify. I suspect that Heine, even in his vainest moment, would have dismissed both with a wry smile and a shrug of the shoulders, for his personal gesture was nonheroic, a counterfoil to the perfection of his art and the boldness of his ideas.

After reading Ludwig Marcuse's disorderly thesis, which he sums up for us in two sentences, "Heine was an artist. . . . He loved—and his love was not returned—he made poetic lamentation—and died," it is a relief to reconsider Heine's poetry and to review his life in the light of Matthew Arnold's pungent essay. Taking my facts from the book before me, along with

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Arnold's suggestion that the modern spirit found embodiment in the freedom, clearness, and originality of Heine's ideas, I offer this brief commentary: the reason that we can reread Heine with profit is because he represents for us an enduring example of the great gap between the best of human intentions and their fulfilment. With this tragic realization and with a lyric instrument comparable in German literature to that of Goethe alone he became "a brilliant soldier in the war of liberation of humanity." Tireless irony was his weapon; he utilized his own experiences as might a vivisectionist in the act of performing a delicate operation upon a dying rat. The tragedy lies in the inadequacy of man reaching toward a goal clearly seen and recognized by man alone. This represents an actual conflict in human experience out of which Heine made fragments of great poetry, and if, as Matthew Arnold suggests, he was merciless in his assault upon a worldwide and eternal philistinism, surely he had the courage, as a poet, to spare himself least of all.

HORACE GREGORY

Shorter Notices

Gentlemen, I Address You Privately. By Kay Boyle. Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. $2.50.

Miss Boyle's third novel is another excursion into the devastated areas of the contemporary psyche: Munday, who is almost if not exactly an unfrocked priest, is drawn into a homosexual liaison with a charmingly sinister Anglo-Irish sailor, who seduces before the story is over the wife of a squatter on the town's edge. It should be added that three prostitutes from the local brothel are called in at frequent intervals to supply whatever overtones of the flesh are not included in the main situation. The rhythms of Miss Boyle's prose, more copiously febrile than ever, indicate from the beginning that we are in for another of those orgies of sensibility with which she has been providing us for some time. Again life is very cruel, strange, and fascinating. It is also, to tell the truth, remarkably confused. Thus, pity for the abandoned Munday at the end is considerably mitigated by the author's not always concealed admiration for the devilishly vital little sailor. The impression is that although the cup of bitterness has been passed around pretty freely, everyone has really had a very good time. In describing Miss Boyle's prose, one is tempted to borrow one of her own innumerable and not always so revelatory similes: "She heaped out the honey in spoonfuls until it ran like grease on his bread." Or one might say that Miss Boyle is afflicted with metaphorical spots on the eye which consistently get in the way of the object and her proper perception of the object. But Miss Boyle had perhaps best be addressed privately on these matters.

John Henry Newman. By J. Eliot Ross. W. W. Norton and Company. $2.75.

Everyone is aware of the popular conception of Cardinal Newman's position and character. For Anglicans, celebrating the centenary of the High Church or Oxford movement this year, he is, to be sure, a lost leader, but still a leader, their greatest as long as they possessed him. For the undevout lover of English letters he remains an incomparable maestro of English prose. For the uninstructed he is the author of the most popular and moving hymn in the English tongue. For the world at large his memory is still fragrant as a distinguished type of self-effacing ecclesiastic, a great Christian gentleman, a kind of uncanonized saint, a prince, in more senses than that of the Sacred Purple, of the Roman church in Victorian England. All this posthumous fame is sound enough, and only Newman's due, for taken all in all, his life after his conversion to the Church of Rome was an exceedingly hard one. It has been treated in a pathetic and edifying fashion by the pagan Mr. Strachey; and Father Ross, while presenting a far fairer picture of Newman's mitered and beringed antagonists, supports, on the whole, Mr. Strachey—a notable feat for one himself a Catholic ecclesiatic. His book, which is besides well organized and well written, is a notable contribution to what has been called by the Abbé Brémond the "mystery of Newman." There is not much mystery about Newman after Father Ross has got through with his case. It is merely the case of a thoroughbred whose superiors expected him to be a cart horse, a delicate and distinguished personality who, most of his life, was thwarted and denied by the church he so well served.

Ballads of Square-toed Americans. By Robert P. Tristram Coffin. The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

Mr. Coffin is versatile. Whatever form his subject matter dictates is ready to his pen. He has given us many delicately phrased lyrics. In this volume he writes robustly of his robust forefathers. "Square-toed Americans" are Quaker people, pioneers in a new land, vital, humorous, matter-of-fact men and women with the vision of the future always before them. These men and women go about their homely and arduous tasks, they build up their simple philosophies. They live in isolation, but one and all they are bound together in the kinship of pioneering. Having broken with the past, they look toward the future which will be their children's. They live at the beginning of a new era and are untouched by memory or nostalgia. Theirs is the glory of creation. The poet tells the story of many a square-toed American. He uses historical data and folk legend. Sometimes he takes his style of narrative from the tall tales of early days. The ballad is the form best adapted to folk poetry, and many of these poems are rousing ballads. Some few are dramatic tales told by typical Yankees whose inclination is always to understate human emotions. Mr. Coffin knows his Yankees. He knows his backwoodsmen, too, and their Bunyan-like yarns. This collection of verses seems to be a poet's holiday from himself. Tired of personal emotions in finely turned rhythms, Mr. Coffin recalls the wholesome and energetic past. He writes enthusiastically of a people who knew nothing of the modern sense of futility, who did not indulge in the twentieth-century psychological inquest.

Films

"Little Women"

IT has so long been the custom to refer to Louisa M. Alcott's masterpiece as the classic expression of a certain kind of American sentimentalism that one risks all sorts of charges in declaring that George Cukor's screen version of it at the Music Hall offers a considerable amount of interest and enjoyment. The interest may be only *oblique;* that is, the excellence of the production may force us to inquire why it is so excellent, which is a fact, and why it is going to be one of the season's most successful pictures, which will very soon be a fact. And the answer is almost certainly that the story of "Little Women" has a relevance for an American audience today that it would not have had ten or even five years ago. That story, it need hardly be recalled, is an account of the sufferings and privations of a typical refined American family during and immediately after the Civil War. Now the period of the Civil War, like the period in which we are now living, was one in which the economic pressure was so great that it brought out everything there was in an individual; it brought out, in a word, everything that we mean by character. Whether she knew it or not,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

what the daughter of Bronson Alcott was really writing in her history of the Marches was an allegory of the transcendental virtues triumphant over material emergencies. Every situation in her book shows that with those virtues happiness is possible even in disaster. She was providing, that is to say, that moral bucking-up which her time, like our own, required in its entertainment. And because she provided it so well in her own nineteenth-century transcendental way her book, translated into the twentieth-century medium, takes on a new life as the best of the many "depression films."

But this is to say nothing of the real enjoyment to be derived from the picture, for which George Cukor, the director, Hobe Erwin, who designed the flawlessly authentic Concord settings, and Katharine Hepburn, in the role of Jo, are all to various degrees responsible. It will have to be enough to mention Miss Hepburn's acting, which is alone sufficient remuneration for stirring up all these childhood associations. Already Miss Hepburn's personality has come in for a great deal of analytical discussion: its vividness, sharpness of accent, and newness of type for the screen have all been properly emphasized. But the impression gains that what is most essential about this young actress is not so much any quality of personality as it is an element of mind—a kind of quick contemporary intelligence which reaches out with immediate effect to a corresponding intelligence in large sections of her audience. Such an intellectual sort of appeal is not common on the screen: Chaplin has it, and among directors Clair and Lubitsch, but the majority of directors and stars rely on an appeal that is entirely unconscious or subjective. It is this compulsion of a lively, hard-pushing, and thoroughly unsentimental mind which not only makes Miss Hepburn's acting so exciting but also distinguishes it from the acting to which we are most accustomed on the screen. It is what most of all distinguishes Miss Hepburn from Miss Garbo and the generation that admires Miss Hepburn's Josephine March from the generation that admired Miss Garbo's Iris March.

"Cradle Song" (Paramount) is an excellent transcription of the Martinez Sierra play in which Miss Le Gallienne was so successful a few years ago. As everyone knows, it is the story of a Spanish nun who realizes her maternal instincts by bringing up an abandoned infant that has been left at the convent door. The mother-love theme, it is pleasant to record, is treated with unwonted restraint throughout, and for once, in a picture dealing with convent life, the nuns seem like recognizable human beings rather than like chorus girls posing as angels. Moreover, Dorothea Wieck makes her American debut with a performance that equals in fineness and dignity her performance in "Mädchen in Uniform." Her success makes us realize again the importance for the screen player of distinguishing between acting for the stage and acting for the screen. For Miss Wieck is one of the very few actresses on the screen who are distinctly *screen* actresses.

We are assured that Mr. Van Dyke and the others responsible for "Eskimo" spent ten months in the Arctic turning out the dully sensational melodrama at the Astor. This can only seem like a great deal of discomfort suffered without reason in view of the fact that most of the events in the picture could have been photographed with equal unreality in a Hollywood or Long Island studio. An exception might be made for the caribou hunt and a few shots of strictly photographic interest, but these are by no means sufficient to redeem the whole. It is certainly not to be confounded with Flaherty's "Nanook," Murnau's "Tabu," and other sincere examples of the ethnographical film.

WILLIAM TROY

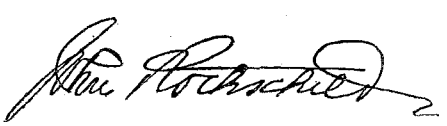
Owing to illness Mr. Krutch was unable to contribute his regular drama article to this issue. It will appear next week as usual.

RUSSIAN TRAVEL —

BEFORE* RECOGNITION and *AFTER

For seven years The Open Road has provided one of the few disinterested links of friendship and cultural understanding between the United States and the Soviet Union. Through its resident Moscow representative and by reason of the confidence reposed in her by Soviet officials, The Open Road has afforded many influential Americans the best available means of studying Russian life. The favorable testimony of these returned travelers in books, articles, press interviews, speeches and direct representations to high government authorities has helped to change American sentiment towards the U.S.S.R., paving the way for the resumption of normal relations with our great neighbor. A long task is finished and we of The Open Road are proud to have had some share in it.

A new task begins. The American people and the Russian people must get to know each other again on a wide scale. The contact work which The Open Road has done for years past has developed connections and a body of experience which fits it to render invaluable assistance to teachers, students, members of the professions, and persons in public life who seek more than a tourist impression of the Soviet Union. The Open Road is a non-profit-making organization which works in the interests of the public and its moderate service fees are frequently more than offset by economies which it affords.



Director,

The OPEN ROAD

56 WEST 45th STREET NEW YORK

When writing to advertisers please mention The Nation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How do *You* ?

pronounce these

Rasputin
Sienkiewicz
Schuylkill

These (and 10,997 others) are in

INTERNATIONAL BOOK of NAMES

by C. O. S. MAWSON

There's no other book like it!

$2.00

THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY NEW YORK

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH says

AH, WILDERNESS! Guild Theater. Tender and humorous story of a young boy trying to grow up. Highly entertaining but not one of O'Neill's major works.

AS THOUSANDS CHEER. Music Box. Hilarious series of hard-hitting satirical sketches in a first-rate musical review. Clifton Webb, Leslie Adams, Helen Broderick, and Marilyn Miller help make it the best thing of its kind.

CHAMPAGNE, SEC. Shubert Theater. Irreverent adaption of "Die Fledermaus." Gay, inexhaustibly tuneful, and consistently diverting.

DOUBLE DOOR. Ritz. Exciting but not too convincing melodrama based on the Wendel case.

HER MASTER'S VOICE. Plymouth Theater. Clare Kummer at the top of her form provides a full evening of her original and slightly delirious kind of wit. With Roland Young and Laura Hope Crews.

LET 'EM EAT CAKE. Imperial Theater. Sequel to "Of Thee I Sing," with Victor Moore and the other stars in continuations of their former roles. Very funny in spots but marred by a good deal of lost motion.

MEN IN WHITE. Broadhurst Theater. The problems of a young doctor made into a surprisingly moving and absorbing play. Thanks to a superb production by the Group Theater it becomes one of the two current offerings which no one can afford to miss.

SAILOR, BEWARE! Lyceum Theater. Adventures of a sailor in love. Entertainingly bawdy comedy in which the sex life of our naval heroes is treated without reserve. (P.M.)

THE GREEN BAY TREE. Cort Theater. Powerful and absorbing psychological portrait of a cultivated and somewhat effeminate egotist. Probably the most original play of the year, and like "Men in White" not to be missed by anyone interested in the theater.

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS. Avon Theater. Historical farce-comedy centering about the pleasant old New England custom of bundling. Spicy, impudent, and genuinely amusing.

THE SCHOOL FOR HUSBANDS. Empire Theater. Arthur Guiterman and Lawrence Langner make a picturesque and flippant adaption of Moliere's "The School for Husbands." There is much difference of opinion concerning its merits as entertainment but I found it charming and funny, as well as not too far from the spirit of the original author. With June Walker and Osgood Perkins.

The Dance

Yesterday and Today

FOR the first time in many seasons New York seems to have become genuinely excited about a ballet troupe—or at least by a troupe whose dancing resembles ballet more closely than it does anything else. The Jooss Ballet, which comes to us from Germany, is entering its fourth week at the Forrest Theater. Judging from this fact and from the popular type of advertisement that it has been running in the journals, it is making an appeal which, as some of the critics have put it, is not confined to connoisseurs of dancing.

It is all very strange and unexpected for New York, which has hitherto limited its interest in choreography to the musical-comedy stage or to the brilliant spectacles at Mr. Rockefeller's Music Hall. A visit to the Forrest, however, removes much of the mystery. For here is entertainment which, in addition to whatever interest it may have as mere dancing, offers several other kinds of interest as well—most especially, the interest of dramatic satire. This it is that explains its success with an audience which, although notoriously deficient in its appreciation of the finer nuances of ballet style, is unusually well trained in the theater. That is to say, the transition is not very hard to make from recent plays like "Machinal" to such a number as "The Big City," which is one of the major items on the Jooss program. The same thing may be said about the composition which has won Herr Jooss so much fame since it won first prize in the competition of the Archives Internationales at Paris in 1932. For the celebrated "Green Table" New York has already been prepared, not only by plays like "Wings over Europe" and "Back to Methuselah," but by the dramas of Georg Kaiser, Ernst Toller, and others of the German expressionist group of a few years back. Like the latter it lays on a great deal of the old Northern macabre with a brand-new Bessemer-steel trowel. The pattern throughout is obviously based on the medieval "Dance of Death," although modernized with such thoroughgoing German completeness that very little exercise of the historical imagination is required. Herr Jooss himself dances the central figure of Death. The final episode is a burlesque of a peace conference at the League of Nations or some other such organization. We see the manikin-statesmen bobbing up and down at the table, pirouetting, gesticulating, literally sitting on air. It is all very amusing and as a piece of political satire is carried off with great neatness and aplomb. But like everything else on the Jooss program it is more significant as an illustration of social criticism finding its way into the ballet than as an example of the ballet art at its best.

If the Jooss troupe looks toward the future, Serge Lifar and his tiny company are still looking back, a little nostalgically perhaps, to a lost golden past. Indeed, the chief interest of their two programs must have been for those people who had never seen the Diaghileff ballets in the great days and wished to have some notion of what those days were really like. Unfortunately, however, a good deal has happened to the world of which Diaghileff and his ballets were among the most noteworthy ornaments. And a good deal has happened to M. Lifar, who only a few years ago gave promise of finding a place in the great tradition of Nijinsky, Woizikowski, Dolin, and the others on whom Diaghileff cast his spell. Possibly as a result of his becoming ballet-master at the Paris Opéra, Lifar has been forced to subdue what was once the potent Dionysian element in his art; in training others, he has neglected his own training and development. This reduction of discipline is most evident in the Sobeka-Sauguet "La Chatte," in which also the Lifar

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

choreography is a long way from being successful. In "The Specter of the Rose," in which the choreography is by Fokine, the movement is better worked out, the style is more consistent, but Lifar's "specter" lacks both mystery and intensity. Because the features of this dancer, even without make-up, are miraculously faun-like, he was indubitably effective in "L'Après-midi d'un Faune." The only question here is whether the Debussy music was ever adapted for ballet, or if it was, whether the result could be anything but monotonous and static. The one altogether satisfactory number was the closing one—the Blue Bird suite from Tschaikovsky's "Sleeping Beauty." It was as if the dancer had finally got warmed up and the Dionysian were reawakened. For this alone the evening was well set aside for reconstruction of *le temps perdu*. And it left one convinced that Lifar still has everything that any dancer could need or desire—the perfect physical instrument, personality, and demoniac possession. All that is now required is the concentrated discipline and direction that will make the moments when these gifts appear less irregular and fortuitous.

ALAN BLOCH

Music

Schönberg

IN the first of this season's concerts by the League of Composers, an all-Schönberg program, the league "attempted to present outstanding works from each of Schönberg's periods of development, up to and including the present period, in which he has abandoned previous concepts of tonality." The first number was a late quartet for strings, and clearly represented the ultimate flowering of Schönberg's *Harmonielehre*, in which, as early as 1911, he had proposed to replace a theory of musical imperatives by a theory of musical tentatives. Approaching harmonic problems through the Leibnitzian *lex continui*, the "graded series" of scientific inference, he had rationalistically extended some underemphasized qualities in Bach and Mozart until they became the center of emphasis in his own music. For instance, noting that certain dissonances had been considered permissible when pronounced melodic characters were present, he moved to the next adjoining step, the conclusion that one might permit the same dissonances when the melodic characters were slightly less pronounced—and so on, step by step, dissolving each objection by a cautious, rational extension, until the progression by slight quantitative degrees had mounted up to produce a new musical idiom, qualitatively distinct. The strings, it seems, could follow him as far as he desired to go into this alluring region of unusual, speculative sound—and it was an eerie colloquy they offered us, as they sat agreeing and disagreeing among themselves in a succession of circumscribed contrapuntal bursts. They even might suggest some hitherto unimagined breed of eloquent insect, their warmth like that of a live hand on cold marble. The work has neither "proletarian" bluntness nor the vanishing "bourgeois" comforts, but moves in a tangential region of introspective marvels. The "cosmic" has become largely the "unnatural." And despite the quiet gravity of the *adagio*, and a livelier, more encouraging note in the closing rondo, this quartet did not seem any longer "usable." It is music of the future, to be sure, but the present would pass it by.

Next came four of the songs from Opus 6, a much earlier work. The texture of the contralto voice served somewhat as deterrent to the composer's "unilateral" trend. The voice was a check upon the *lex continui*, a counter-genius offering a conservative resistance which the strings had lacked. And the accompaniment being supplied by the piano, we also had introduced a percussive quality, an affirmative beat, not wholly Schönberg.

PLAYS □ FILMS □ DANCE

THE THEATRE GUILD *presents*
EUGENE O'NEILL'S comedy
AH, WILDERNESS!
with GEORGE M. COHAN
GUILD THEATRE Fifty-second Street West of Broadway
Evgs. 8:20—Mats. Thurs. and Sat. 2:20

MOLIERE'S COMEDY WITH MUSIC
The SCHOOL for HUSBANDS
with OSGOOD PERKINS and JUNE WALKER
EMPIRE THEATRE BROADWAY AND 40th STREET
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat., 2:40

The Group Theatre and Sidney Harmon and James R. Ullman present Sidney Kingsley's play
MEN IN WHITE
An experience thrilling and absorbing, genuine and complete.—*J. W. KRUTCH, The Nation.*
BROADHURST THEATRE—44th St. W. of Broadway
Evgs. 50c to $2.50. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"The Theatre has unleashed one of its thunderbolts under Jed Harris's direction."
BROOKS ATKINSON—*N. Y. Times.*
Jed Harris Production
The **Green Bay Tree**
CORT THEATRE. 48th St., E. of B'way
Mats. Wed. and Saturday 2:30

"The PURSUIT of HAPPINESS"
"Merry mixture of folklore and farce."
—*John Mason Brown, Eve. Post.*
"A smart and bawdy satire . . . a wolf in sheep's clothing."
—*Percy Hammond, Herald Tribune*
AVON THEATRE, 45th Street West of Broadway. CHi. 4-7860.
Evgs. 8:45, $1 to $2.50; Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30, 75c & $2.

Renew the old Camp friendships . .
CAMP TAMIMENT REUNION*
THANKSGIVING EVE., WED., NOVEMBER 29TH
HOTEL LISMORE (formerly the Level Club)
253 West 73rd Street, near Broadway
CONTINUOUS DANCING — TWO SNAPPY ORCHESTRAS
TICKETS: $1.00 in advance. $1.25 at the door
Get Your Tickets Now—CAMP TAMIMENT, 7 E. 15th Street
*With which is combined the Rand School Ball

The Nation's Radio Hour
Station WEVD (1300 k.-231 m.)
OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD
speaks on Wednesday, November 29th, 8:15 p.m.
"Secretary Wallace and the Tariff"

When writing to advertisers please mention The Nation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

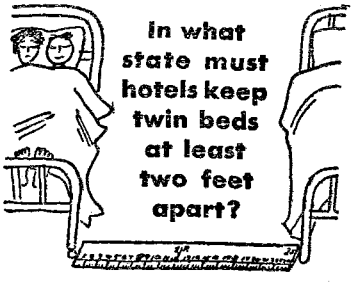
The result was far more appealing. Incidentally, some of the modulations in these songs, particularly those interposed flatly and resolutely by the instrument while the voice was silent, are extremely lovely, and manage to impart a marked purposiveness to a process which many contemporary composers have almost wholly abandoned. The third number, the piano solos, suggested something of the first quartet, yet with the necessary percussive mitigation which we have noted. There were sporadic starts and hesitancies, with occasional persistencies, or motives rigidly maintained against the shifting harmonic background, like organ point.

Could not the closing quartet, Opus 10, strings and soprano, be said to contain the *echt*-Schönbergian and non-Schönbergian qualities in their best combination? The first two movements, for strings alone, are more obviously knit in ways that mark their position in a musical *line*. One could discern older architectural patterns, more characteristically symphonic building. Though I will admit that as regards the "humor" of the second movement, with its distorted bits from "Ach, du lieber Augustin," I have heard more joyous kinds of fun. Alas! the rollicking tune was *sick*, it was *dying*, and it departed with a *groan*, a fitly grotesque adumbration of the Litany ("Tief ist die Trauer") and the "Entrückung," sung by soprano, to words of poems by Stephan George. In the second of these songs the poet, with a peculiar ecstasy upon him, feels a breath from other planets ("Ich fühle Luft von anderen Planeten"). First in strings alone, then in song, this exceptional kind of solace is conveyed to us—but most astonishingly of all, after the voice has subsided, the genius of the strings comes into its own, and they contemplate the entire matter for some considerable time, until our removal into another realm does gently take place. We go into thinner air—but what is more, we have been made willing, we are now fit for this attenuated region inhabited by moony beings which, if they speak at all, must speak with string-like voices, and discuss disturbances we are still content to leave unnamed. It is an alternative world, but of a kind we should not care to see the real world duplicate.

The New School for Social Research is to be thanked for the list of concerts which it is presenting at intervals during the present lean season. The recent All Latin American Concert of the Pan-American Association of Composers gave a wide range of offerings, for piano, strings, and voice, by contemporary composers. Notable were two songs, of the *Stimmung* variety, by Carlos Pedrell (Argentina), a song by Amadeo Roldan of Cuba, having something of the "spice" which we regularly consider Spanish, and several works by the Brazilian, Hector Villa-Lobos. Villa-Lobos is clearly of the intensive school, asking that a musical expression be overwhelmingly itself: a wail, that is, must be very much a wail, a triumphant cry must cry as triumphantly as is imaginatively possible. He uses the piano like some instrument of hide stretched over hollow wood; it is adapted to the voice less as melodic accompaniment than as a counterpoise of rhythm and timbre. The composer was hugest, however, when briefly huge. The Trio for Violin, Cello, and Piano was oppressed by an obtrusive desire for unity whereby a theme was burned into us inexorably through four quite long movements. These concerts are so arranged that some numbers on the program are repeated: and the effect of having Villa-Lobos's songs inserted between two renderings of Carlos Chavez's Sonatina for Piano was illuminating. The solid, intelligent music of Chavez now seemed almost as static as a slot machine. He does, it is true, give much thought to the business of outwitting us; often he will shift his tactics to keep our gratifications and relaxations austere; he builds little patterns of expectancy that he may flout them—yet on the whole his music is frank and stalky, and not given to the cult of exceptional savageries. Like his countrymen Orozco and Rivera, he has looked to primitive art, not in search of the exotic, but for firmness.

KENNETH BURKE

BOOKS



In what state - - - -
—is it a crime to serenade newly-weds with a cannon?
—are justices of the peace forbidden to hold court in a barroom?
—is it a crime to make alterations in a mule's teeth?

How to laugh and stay out of jail.

THERE OUGHT TO BE A LAW

A collection of lunatic legislation by WILLIAM SEAGLE
Illustrated by Gropper $1.25

TO YOUR BOOKSELLER or to THE MACAULAY CO., 381 Fourth Ave., N. Y.
Please send me a copy of THERE OUGHT TO BE A LAW ($1.25 plus 10 cents postage)
☐ Check enclosed ☐ Send C. O. D.
Name.....
Address.....

RESORTS

BREEZEMONT FARM
35 Minutes from Broadway
A home of taste and easy comfort. On a beautiful large Westchester Estate.
All sports on premises.
Under the same management as the old "Russian Inn."
Armonk, N. Y. Armonk Village 555

The LAKE VIEW
is preferred for excellent location, splendid modern cuisine and different clientele.
Especially reduced rate for Thanksgiving week-end.
59 Madison Ave., Lakewood, N. J.
R. SILVER A. EPSTEIN
Tel. Lakewood 287—963

PINE PARK HOTEL
Formerly Schildkrauts
Highland Falls, N. Y.
between West Point and Bear Mountain
Open all year. Meat and Vegetarian diet. Special rates for Thanksgiving weekend. Skating rain or shine. Tel. 340 or 923.

TOPSTONE FARM
For a delightful vacation or week-end in the Connecticut hills, restful, secluded, in charming woodland country, now at special rates. Swimming. Saddle-horses on the place, instruction. R.F.D. 4, Ridgefield, Conn. Phone 648

CHESTERS' ZUNBARG
A delightful hide-away in the mountains inviting people of better taste. Wholesome food, delightful companionship, all outdoor sports. Reduced rates.
Woodbourne, N. Y. Tel. Fallsburg 186-J

RESORTS

THANKSGIVING WEEK-END
NOV. 29—DEC. 3
Sports . . . Music . . . Dancing . . . Entertainment
Turkey dinners . . . Midnight revels.
Four Days $15 • Three Days $12.50 • Two Days $9
Minimum reservation—2 days
Week-end round trip fares to Harmon: Grand Central—$1.50; *125th St.*—$1.30.
Taxi meets all trains at Harmon station.
BLUE MOUNTAIN LODGE
Peekskill, N. Y. Phone: Peek. 1403

RED OAKS
Atlantic Highlands, N. J.
Is ideal for rest and relaxation during the winter. All sports; private lake for skating; saddle horses and nearby golf. 150 acres of beautiful country; spacious house surrounded by pine trees. Excellent cuisine. Just over the hour from New York by auto or train. Central Railroad of New Jersey or the Pennsylvania to Red Bank.
Management Mascha and Hyman Strunsky.
Atlantic Highlands 264

ZINDOREST PARK
MONROE, N. Y. Phone: 300
Formerly a millionaire's estate. 150 acres, most beautifully landscaped. Private lake. All sport facilities on premises; saddle horses and nearby golf. Many new attractions. 1½ hours Erie R. R. or Route 17.
OPEN ALL YEAR

THE Crystal Villa, Woodcliff Lake, N. J. For Rest and Recuperation. Altitude 864. All modern improvements. Steam heat. Wholesome Jewish-American meals. Weekly $10 up; daily $2 Write or tel. Park Ridge 404. Round trip 90c

When writing to advertisers please mention The Nation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED